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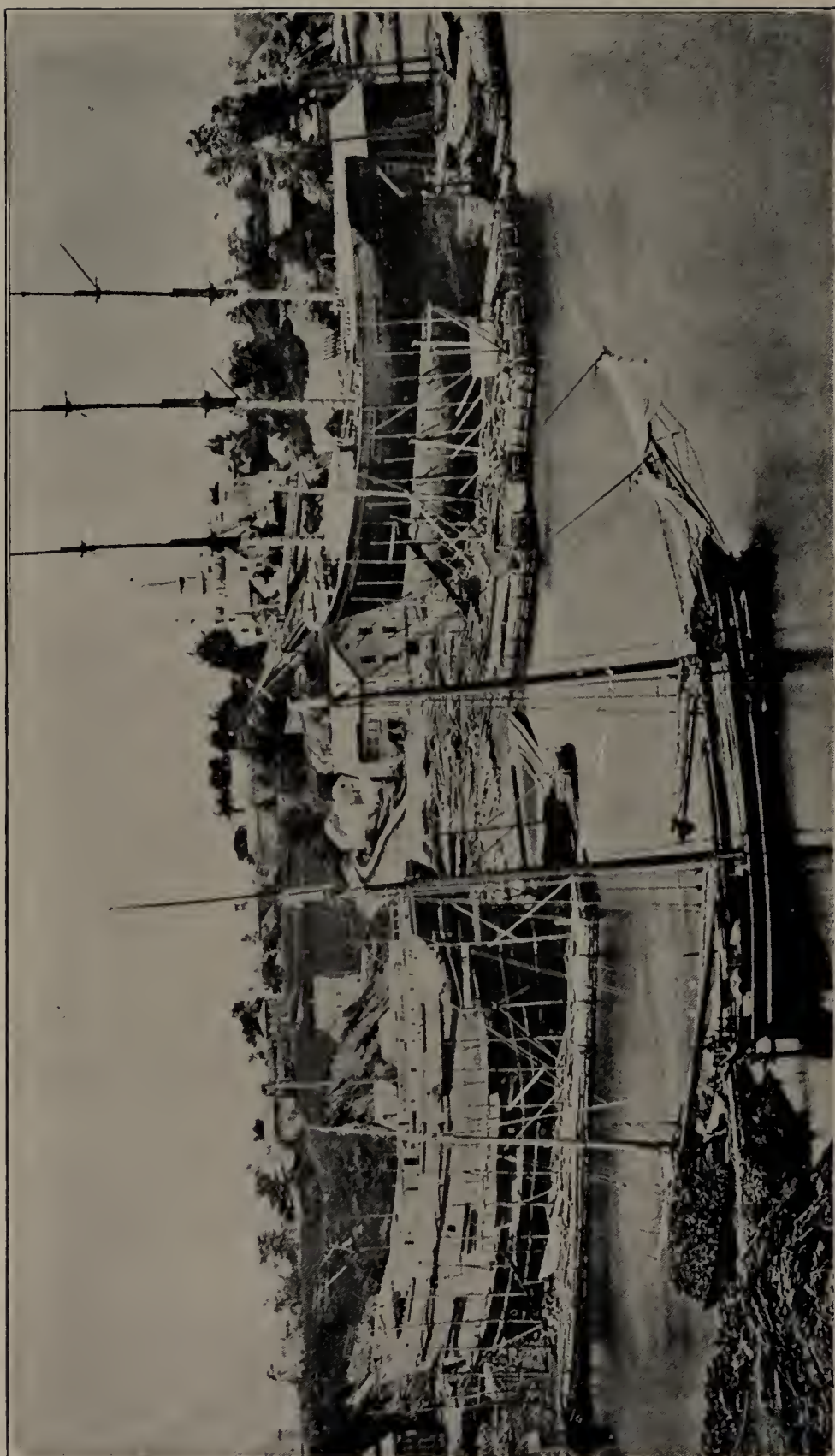
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SHIP ELDORADO

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WALKER AND BLANCHARD YARDS—1864

SHIPBUILDING DAYS

AND

TALES OF THE SEA

IN

Old North Yarmouth

AND

Yarmouth, Maine

BY

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON ROWE

MEMBER OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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WILLIAM H. ROWE

TO
WALTER B. ALLEN,
WHOSE ACCURATE MEMORY AND
GENEROUS HEART ARE ALWAYS
AT THE SERVICE
OF HIS FRIENDS

FOREWORD.

In gathering material for a complete history of the almost three hundred years of old North Yarmouth and Yarmouth, Maine, such a wealth of material relating to the shipping interests of this small but active old New England port was found—which, if unpreserved, must soon disappear—that, lest it be lost forever on the shores of oblivion, it seemed worth while to haul to for a little and rescue at least a part of this treasure for the benefit of generations to come.

Our only desire is thus to revive and perpetuate the memory of those golden days in a ship-building, ship-owning, ship-sailing and ship-loving community.

CONTENTS.


I.	THE YARDS AND THE BUILDERS, .	9
II.	BUILDING THE SHIP, . . .	27
III.	THE LAUNCHING,	39
IV.	THE MASTERS AND THEIR SHIPS, .	52
V.	DISASTERS,	63
VI.	YANKEE PLUCK AND CRAFT, . .	77
VII.	THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN DRINK- WATER,	82
VIII.	A PRIVATEERSMAN IN DARTMOOR PRISON,	88
IX.	THE RESCUE OF THE UNICORN, .	96
X.	THE TRAGEDY OF THE ABBY BARKER,	102
XI.	THE MUTINY ON THE BARK GLENN,	106
XII.	THE LAFAYETTE AND THE ALA- BAMA,	110
XIII.	THE WRECK OF THE RAINIER, .	114
XIV.	AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS,	124
XV.	A LIST OF YARMOUTH BUILT VES- SELS,	139

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Facing page
WALKER AND BLANCHARD YARDS—1864 (Frontispiece)	
GILES LORING YARD—1860, . . .	22
THE BLANCHARD YARD—1874, . . .	32
SHIP ADMIRAL READY FOR LAUNCHING— 1875,	44
LORING AND BLANCHARD YARDS—1874, .	56
LORING, COBB & CHADSEY YARD—1883, .	72
BRIG HARRIET RESCUING PASSENGERS OF SHIP UNICORN,	96
QUEEN VICTORIA MEDAL,	101
HUTCHINS & STUBBS YARD—1883, . . .	120
HUTCHINS & STUBBS AND LORING YARDS— 1884,	136

CHAPTER I.

THE YARDS AND THE BUILDERS.

S the speeding tourist coasts swiftly down Pleasant Street Hill, on the Atlantic Highway, rumbles across the bridge over old Pungustuk Falls and throws his engine in for the sharp climb up Number Nine Hill, he sees little in the grass-grown wharves, with the crib work in many places almost indecently exposed and the filling washed away down to the original mud flats, to remind him that just here were yards which, in the days when the United States had a merchant marine, contributed three hundred vessels or more to the fleet. So quiet is it that it stretches the imagination to realize that along this short space of an eighth of a mile stood at one time the frames of eight vessels, ships, barks and schooners, alive with busy workmen pushing on their construction. Yarmouth was not so quiet then, and the music of industry rose in full diapason from under the hill, where the whole valley was filled with the click of the calker's mallet, the thud of the fastener's sledge, the swish of the crosscut

saw and the creak of the masting blocks, while at times there rose above all the sudden, swift staccato of the knee planer in Craige's saw mill.

Among the old documents in the Shepley papers in the library of the Maine Historical Society is a scrap of rusty paper, signed on the fifth of November, 1715, by William Tailer, then governor of Massachusetts, permitting the sloop *Friendship*, with Captain Samuel Seabury, to pass the castle. Thus early were vessels being built and sailed from old North Yarmouth. In an old affidavit referring to the lawsuit which arose over the old Indian deed to this region, there is a plain reference to a shipyard on the eastern side of Royall's River as early as 1740, while on a map of the water front used in the sequel to this first lawsuit in 1795 there is a "building yard" shown on the western side of the river, near the mouth of what then, as now, was known as Stony Brook.

Payne Elwell, one of those old-time men of "infinite resource and sagacity" who glorify the pages of our early colonial history, came to North Yarmouth about 1782 and there bought a dwelling house and store, in which he commenced business. Near the wharf which he constructed, just by the western end of the bridge, he built at least two vessels for his own

use. Elwell himself, in an autobiography which he wrote in his extreme age, and which has recently been published in "Gloucester by Land and by Sea," tells the story thus:

"The second year after, I built a sloop of about sixty tons called the '*Packett*,' which I kept carrying wood to Boston. She once went seven trips in eight weeks and averaged me one hundred dollars a trip, or thereabouts. In the course of four or five years I made a good deal of money and I built a brig called the '*Rebecca*,' which was an unfortunate transaction for me. I having loaded her on my own account, and having but little insurance, she was shipwrecked, which amounted to about a total loss."

On the eastern bank of the river were the establishments of David True and William R. Stockbridge. The Stockbridge wharf, the old timbers of which may yet be found by digging a few feet down into the fill of the stone-faced wharf just across the present bridge, must have been a busy place in those days, and near here were built in 1796 the sloop *Betsey* and six years later the sloop *Columbia*. These sloops seem to have been built by various merchants of the town and used by them in the coasting trade as occasion arose. Typical, perhaps, is the charter party of the sloop *Columbia* to William Todd,

Asa Chase, Mitchell and Buxton, and John Cutter in 1802 for a voyage "to any part of the United States and last of all to North Yarmouth."

The vessels built and employed in those days were generally sloops of broad beam and enormous sails. They were remarkable as great carriers and for small draft, but their square build—for sometimes their width was as much as half their length—prevented their attaining much speed. Such a sloop was the *Ranger*, with which Captain Joseph York engaged in the coasting trade in 1794. Another model was the "pinkey," or narrow-sterned schooner, which was used on longer voyages and for quick trips in the transportation of wood, brick or hay to Boston and Philadelphia. Such was the *Union*, of 81 tons, owned by Captain John Prince in 1791, the *Lucy* of Captain Joseph Young, built in North Yarmouth in 1792, and the *Olive*, built in 1793 and captained by Perez Drinkwater. Probably there is hardly a cove on the banks of Royall's and Cousins' rivers or along the foreshore of old North Yarmouth that has not been the yard from which some such vessel was launched to carry the products of the farm from whose banks her timber was cut, to market in Portland, Salem or Boston.

So great inconvenience did the merchants and lumbermen of the town experience from the lack of sufficient wharves from which to lade their cargoes, that in 1796 thirty-one of the inhabitants, led by Ammi R. Mitchell, John Drinkwater and Richmond Loring, formed themselves into a body of proprietors and petitioned the town for a grant of a part of the flats on the western side of the river, where the tide came up nearly if not quite to the present line of the Federal Road. This was readily granted, and Union Wharf was built and filled in by earth taken from the great banks which here rose close to the shore. Other petitions followed for like grants on either side of this wharf, and in a few years, from Stony Brook to the river, the space was filled in and Lafayette Street laid out along the head of the wharves.

To David Pratt we may safely give the honor of establishing shipbuilding as a business on the banks of Royall's River. Master David moved to Yarmouth from Freeport sometime before 1818 and laid out his yard on the eastern side of the river to the south of his house, now the residence of Mr. Simon Plummer. Of several of his craft we have no record as to the year they were launched, but there is abundant evidence that he built a goodly number. The brig *Cor-*

nelia, of 160 tons, and which he constructed in 1826, is the first of which we have a reliable date. His vessels were mostly small schooners or brigs and ranged in size from the *Milo*, a sloop of 46 tons, to the *Saratoga*, a ship of 335 tons. He launched two or three craft from his yard each year, perhaps the best known among them being the *Pilgrim*, a brig of 326 tons, launched in 1843. In 1844 he retired from the business.

The romance which forms the thread on which is strung Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship," might well have been duplicated in the yard of David Pratt, for two of the workmen in the yard married daughters of the master and later became builders on their own account. In 1826, Albion Seabury married Dorcas Pratt and soon after established his building yard at what was then known as East Yarmouth, on the northeast side of the river. For many years, in his own name and in partnership with others, he was the most prominent builder of his native town. Probably the first vessel to be built by him was the brig *Harry*, which he launched in 1831, followed from that time until 1842 by the schooners *Union*, *Exchange*, *Albion*, *Hope*, *Kate Audrey*, brigs *Helen*, *Maria*, *Star*, *Sophia*, *Persia*, *Russia*, *America*, *Union*, *Ann M. Knight*,

sloop *Gull* and ship *Hudson*. Master Albion occupied the beautiful residence on the high bank of Royall's River, opposite that of his father, now occupied during the summer months by his youngest daughter, Mrs. Annetta Seabury Dresser.

Although the site of the East Yarmouth yards is now overgrown with alder clumps and is so swampy that in wet seasons it is almost impossible to pass over it, they may as yet be easily located under the high bank of the shore frontage of what perhaps is best known as the John Augustine Seabury farm. Here we may easily trace the old road down which the oxen dragged the timber for the rising frames. On one side of the road is the shipyard spring, from which the sweating carpenters drank, and which was carried in pipes into the boarding house and lofts which stood just across the roadway. More interesting, perhaps, are two immense timbers running parallel to each other from the shore out toward the channel, all that remains of the ways from which so many craft have been launched. Instead of running at right angles with the bank of the river, they enter it obliquely almost from north to south. Vessels were built in this position in these yards that in launching they might run directly down the

channel of the river and avoid the danger of grounding on the flats. Alongside the ways a large wharf extended out to the edge of the channel.

In 1832, Susan, another daughter of Master David, married George Dunham, and ten years later the husbands of Dorcas and Susan formed a partnership under the name of Seabury & Dunham. From the fact that they had a large sail loft at this time on Union Wharf, it would seem probable that here was also their building yard. By this firm were built the barks *Henry Kelsey*, *Archimedes*, *J. W. Blodget*, *Polka*, *Ellen*, schooners *Westcustogo*, *Petrel*, sloop *Empress*, brig *Vancouver* and two ships, the *Helen Augusta* and *Blanchard*. About 1848, this partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Dunham associated himself with Matthias Allen, building the bark *Sunny Eye*, ship *J. Baker* and the brig *Harriet*. In 1849, Dunham moved to Winterport, on the Penobscot River, where he built many large ships by contract. One of these, a clipper called the *Nonpareil*, is said to have crossed the Atlantic in nineteen days, a remarkable record then.

Sometime before 1845, the wharves on the eastern side of the river were extended, built up with crib work and filled, so that there were

three good-sized yards in this locality. The first was at the eastern end of the bridge, including the old Stockbridge and True wharves, the second the Jeremiah Baker yard, just below his sightly mansion on the brow of the hill, and the third on the flat land beyond, and next the creek was occupied by John Gooding. Here, from 1828 to 1845, he constructed the sloop *Elizabeth*, brigs *Amanar*, *Adna*, *Alford* and *Amon*, and the schooners *Rachel Ann*, *Arcot*, *Glide*, *Commerce*, *Pelon*, *Merom* and *Tremont*.

During this same period there were several builders of small brigs and schooners whose yards were located on Royall's River. Jonas Mitchell launched four, the schooner *Washington* and the brigs *Superior*, *Augusta* and *Richmond*, averaging about 150 tons, during the years from 1833 to 1837; Levi Mitchell, three small schooners, the *Exertion*, *Emerald* and *Citizen*, from 1826 to 1830; Ralph Kelley, the schooner *Harriet* and the brig *Architect*, in 1832 and 1833; Benjamin Webster and Jeremiah Baker, the bark *Agenora* and ship *Helios*, in 1848 and 1854 respectively. Samuel Fisher launched the brig *Neptune* in 1825. In 1854, Henry Hutchins and Matthias Allen were associated in building the ship *Ben Bolt*, and later the ship *Bertha* and brig *Mary C. Fox*.

The period to which the name "shipbuilding days" is given by the later generations of the residents of Yarmouth began, however, about 1850 and covers roughly the third quarter of the century. Then flourished the greater builders, whose names are household words in the old town to-day. He surely must be a newcomer who has not heard of the Blanchards, Ingrahams, Sargents, Walkers, Loring, Poole, Chadsey, Cobb, Hutchins and Stubbs, or to whom the names, *Admiral*, *Commodore*, *Eldorado*, *Itonus*, *Tewksbury L. Sweat*, *Edward L. Mayberry* or *Onaway* mean nothing.

Although Union Wharf will probably always be better known as the site of the Blanchard yards, because of the large and well-known vessels constructed there by the Blanchard Brothers and those associated with them, the firm began and developed its business in the yards of the Seaburys at East Yarmouth. Here in the forties several stalwart ships were built and a large establishment maintained, with boarding houses for the workmen employed. Here were launched the *Dorcas Prince*, the *Anna Blanchard*, *Sylvanus Blanchard* and the *Detroit*, the first of this name, this last being a ship of 1248 tons. The last vessel built in these yards was the *Priscilla*, a bark launched in 1856.

The founder of the business and the father of the family, Captain Sylvanus Blanchard, was a man of great energy and keen business ability, who, after following the sea for many years, retired and began building vessels of a larger type than had hitherto been laid down in the Yarmouth yards, of a capacity and seaworthiness to be safely employed in the round-the-world service. Almost all were square-rigged, and of the twenty-five or more launched, twenty-one were ships. From time to time, Captain Blanchard had purchased the shares held by the heirs and assigns of the proprietors of Union Wharf, and in 1857 established his building yard in this advantageous position, constructing there during his first year the *Ceres*, *Jane E. Walsh* and *T. Venard*.

After the removal to Union Wharf, Master Albion Seabury does not seem to have taken an active part in the building, and the firm was known as J. & J. A. Seabury, the partners being Joseph Seabury and his son Joseph Albert, better known as Albert Seabury. As father and son, these continued to build for the Blanchards as long as they remained in business.

Captain Sylvanus Blanchard died in 1859, and three of his sons, Paul G., Sylvanus C. and Perez N., took up and carried on the business.

Associating with themselves, at various times, such substantial citizens of the town as Ferdinand Ingraham, Cyrus Sargent, Richard Harding, Samuel S. Thomas, James M. Bates, Eben R. York, Henry Newton and others, they produced some of the finest vessels launched in Maine during a period of thirty years, from 1849 to 1879. Their reputation for always using the best materials, having the most expert workmen and being among the first to embody in their craft the latest improvement in rig or equipment was enviable, and the launching of a new ship built by the "Blanchards" was greeted by the Portland papers as "a model ship from a model yard."

The *P. G. Blanchard*, of 1317 tons, was launched in 1862; the *Nellie Harding*, 1553 tons, in 1867; the *Peru*, 1457 tons, in 1867; the *Pacific*, 1812 tons, in 1869; the *S. C. Blanchard*, 1904 tons, in 1871; the *C. F. Sargent*, 1704 tons, in 1874, and the *P. N. Blanchard*, 1589 tons, in 1876. The two largest vessels built in this yard, as also in the town, were the *Admiral* and the *Commodore*. The *Admiral* was built in 1875, measured 2209 tons, and was fitted with iron masts and yards, being the first fitted with iron masts made in New England. The *Commodore* was somewhat smaller, measuring 1979 tons,

and was launched in June, 1879, and was the last vessel launched by this firm.

In the thirties or forties, Sweetser & Jenks had a yard on the spot where, until within a few years, stood the coal sheds of the Yarmouth Fuel and Lumber Company. Here were built several small vessels of which we have found no detailed record. Lyman Walker, who became a master builder in 1841, served in that capacity in this yard, which he later bought, and which has since been known by his name. He immediately began taking contracts for himself, and with his son, Lyman F., who subsequently became co-partner with him, carried on a successful business for many years.

The Walker yard produced about forty vessels in all, and probably holds the record in the Yarmouth yards as to the number of craft produced. Their largest was the *Eldorado*, 1055 tons, built for Cyrus and Elias Sargent, Ammi Storer and William Sweetser in 1864. The *Sam Locke* was another of their well-known craft. The last launched was the schooner *Charles J. Willard*, in 1874.

Along with their building, Mr. Walker and his son at one time carried on an extensive business getting out ship frames and timber in Canada for Yarmouth, Bath and Deering builders.

It is claimed that to Lyman Walker belongs the credit for inventing and introducing the modern method of drafting and laying down ship's frames, which was a great improvement over the old, he first employing it in his Yarmouth yard.

The firm of Hutchins & Stubbs, composed of Henry Hutchins and Edward J. Stubbs, began building about 1851, and until 1884 hardly a year passed in which one or more good-sized barks or brigs were not launched from their yard near the willows, between the western end of the bridge and Union Wharf. Their craft were especially notable for beauty of line and grace of proportion. Their largest was the bark *George A. Wright*, which they built for Captain Benjamin Webster in 1877, which measured 921 tons, but many others were about the same size, among which were the bark *Itonus*, 851 tons, built in 1876, the bark *Charles G. Rice*, 715 tons, in 1879, and the *Reaper*, the only ship built in this yard, of 686 tons, launched in 1855. Other well-known names among the twenty-five or more vessels built by them were the *Everett Gray*, *Grace Davis*, *Hattie S. Jackson* and *Tewksbury L. Sweat*.

One of the largest builders in number of craft produced, equal or nearly so to the Walkers in



SHIP ALICE VENARD—A "KETTLE BOTTOM"

GILES LORING YARD—1860

this respect, was Master Giles Loring. Beginning as a young man of thirty in the Pratt yards, on the eastern side of the bridge, he in 1854 constructed two schooners, the *Mirror* and the *Ocean*. Later this yard was not equal to his operations and he added to it the Baker yard, just to the eastward. In the Lloyd Registers we find thirty-four vessels credited to him alone or in partnership with his son-in-law, Charles Poole, John M. Cobb or Benjamin Chadsey. His total tonnage is not, however, as large as that of Blanchard Brothers, but he specialized in brigs and barks averaging around 400 tons in size. His largest craft was the ship *Alice Venard*, of 989 tons, launched in 1860. The *Onaway*, a bark of 932 tons, which he built in company with Benjamin Chadsey and John Cobb in 1883, is remembered as the last square-rigged vessel constructed in the Yarmouth yards. Her graceful model was exhibited at the World's Fair, in Chicago, in 1893. Other notable craft from this yard were the *Tubal Cain*, *S. R. Bearce*, *Edward L. Mayberry* and the *Ethel Davis*.

From this yard was launched the last ship built at Yarmouth, the three-masted schooner *Damietta and Joanna*, which Master Giles constructed in partnership with John M. Cobb.

She registered 320 tons and slid from the ways in September, 1890.

The high-water mark of shipbuilding in the Yarmouth yards was reached in 1874, during which year twelve vessels were built, eight being on the stocks at the same time. These eight were the ship *C. F. Sargent*, 1704 tons; bark *Tewksbury L. Sweat*, 550 tons; bark *Harriet S. Jackson*, 393 tons; brig *Henry P. Dewey*, 483 tons; brig *Eliza P. Morton*, 438 tons; brig *Jennie Phinney*, 438 tons; brig *Fannie B. Tucker*, 409 tons; and schooner *C. J. Willard*, 203 tons, a total tonnage of 4180.

The six largest vessels built here were all ships constructed in the Blanchard yards on Union Wharf, and are as follows: *Pacific*, 1812 tons, in 1869; *S. C. Blanchard*, 1903 tons, in 1871; *C. F. Sargent*, 1704 tons, in 1874; *Admiral*, 2209 tons, in 1875; *P. N. Blanchard*, 1600 tons, in 1876, and the *Commodore*, 1979 tons, in 1879.

To facilitate the use of Royall's River the town, in the early part of the last century, raised a sum of money to remove snags and sunken logs that from time immemorial had encumbered its channel, and a dug way or new channel was made by those interested to avoid the long detour to the eastward at Parker's Point. Twice the government has made appro-

priations to dredge the river, and in 1882 \$12,000 was given to remove a landslide and build a breakwater at Bucknam's Turn to protect the channel. This work was done in 1883 by Silas Hamilton.

At the risk of producing a chapter as dry and unattractive as the avoided "catalogue of the ships" in the second book of the Iliad, we have introduced here names and such additional facts as tonnage and date of launching of typical vessels from various yards. For those who are interested further in the matter, there will be found a chapter devoted to statistical data as to vessels built in Yarmouth, which we have striven, under considerable difficulty, to make as accurate as possible. Our hope is that we have told enough to revive old and once familiar names in the memory of many who knew the yards and the builders, and to stimulate the imagination of those to whom all this is as a tale that is told, so that they may repeople the fast disintegrating yards and reincarnate the fleet that went forth from them to the ports of the world, to the end that there may be something added to their respect for and love of the good old town.

Very small are these vessels when we com-

pare them with the leviathans of to-day. Hon. Edward C. Plummer, whose boyhood days were spent in the old Yarmouth yards, and who now is vice-chairman of the United States Shipping Board, writing to the Yarmouth High School paper, *The Hermes*, of "Ships Old and New," notes: "Vessels which measure thousands, instead of hundreds of tons are now the rule, while vessels ten times the size of Yarmouth's great *Admiral* and *Commodore* are not unusual. And yet! and yet! There come moments when I would like to hear again the click of the calker's mallet, the sound of the axe and saw, the call of the men for the steaming plank and the creak of the masting blocks as those old-time crafts assumed their stately forms along the Yarmouth shores, as in those never-to-be-forgotten days."



CHAPTER II.

BUILDING THE SHIP.

IF you seek out the favorite gathering place of the boys of to-day, the neighborhood garage, and there, in an atmosphere redolent of Socony, Valvoline or Tydol, listen in on their animated discussion, you will find them intelligently, and with truly wonderful knowledge, debating the relative merits of every automobile under heaven, from Ford to Rolls Royce; you will hear a discussion revealing a surprisingly technical acquaintance with differentials, transmission and ignition, crank shaft, carbureter and balloon tires, for all these words and more belong to the vocabulary of the present generation.

Fifty or more years ago, had you sat with the fathers of these same boys in the shade of the willows near the town pump, breathing in the fresh salt air driven up the river by the flooding tide, sweetened with the odor from the drying sap of the spruce and hard pine chips laying all about, the conversation would have been equally intelligent and technical, but barks and brigan-

tines, ships and topsail schooners would have been the subject of debate, and words, all but meaningless to this generation, such as futtock, apron, timber strakes, stemson, keelson, mizzen and jib boom would have fallen on your ears, for all these were a part of the boy's vocabulary of a generation ago.

At the start let me say frankly, that this chapter is not written for those who were boys a generation ago, for they know far better than the writer how a vessel was built, and have themselves built many a small one, copying some favorite craft in sheer and water line, and with every part of her rigging perfect and correct. Not for these is this chapter written, save as it may recall scenes that are dear to their hearts and find for them for a little a part of their lost youth; but rather are we attempting a very simple description for those who have not had the fortune to see a building yard and watch the vessel rise from keel to topmast, whose imaginations have too often been nourished on less accurate sea writers than Melville, Dana or Elijah Kellogg, and who would see nothing wrong did their story-book captain order the mate to coil the keelson in the forward cabin.

The first thing to be done was to prepare the model. This was accomplished by fastening

together with wooden pins alternate pieces of cedar and pine, and from the mass thus formed carefully hewing out the form required,

“Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature.”

With the utmost precision and care a model of from four to six feet in length, to represent one-half of the ship cut through the middle from stem to stern, was fashioned. All the science and skill of the architect was lavished on it, for upon his thoughtful attention depended such vital qualifications of a good vessel as capacity, swiftness and seaworthiness. Longfellow has well described the ideal:

“Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.”

And now while the architect completes his drawings from this model, we, as amateurs, will not trouble ourselves with such technicalities as sheer, half breadth or body plan, but will prepare the blocks whereon to lay our keel.

This is a simple task, for they are only short, thick pieces of timber, so arranged as to allow the ship to decline toward the water about five-eighths of an inch for each foot of her length, that she may be easily slid into the water when finished. On this we lay the first, or, as it is sometimes called, the false keel, of our craft, consisting of the toughest wood we can find, generally elm seasoned in water, of the same width as we wish the keel and from four to six inches thick. And now we are ready to lay the keel.

For ships of two thousand tons or more, like the *Commodore* or *Admiral*, pieces of hardwood timber twenty inches or more square, and firmly fastened together with wooden dowels or bolts, to make the required length, were used. For smaller craft, like the *Damietta* and *Joanna* or the *Grace Davis*, of from three to four hundred tons, timbers of twelve inches square were required. Along the whole length of this keel on either side a groove was cut to receive the planking.

The backbone of our vessel being thus provided, we may now give her form by setting up her other frame timbers, which we may compare to the ribs and breastbone of the human body. Of all of these the most important is the

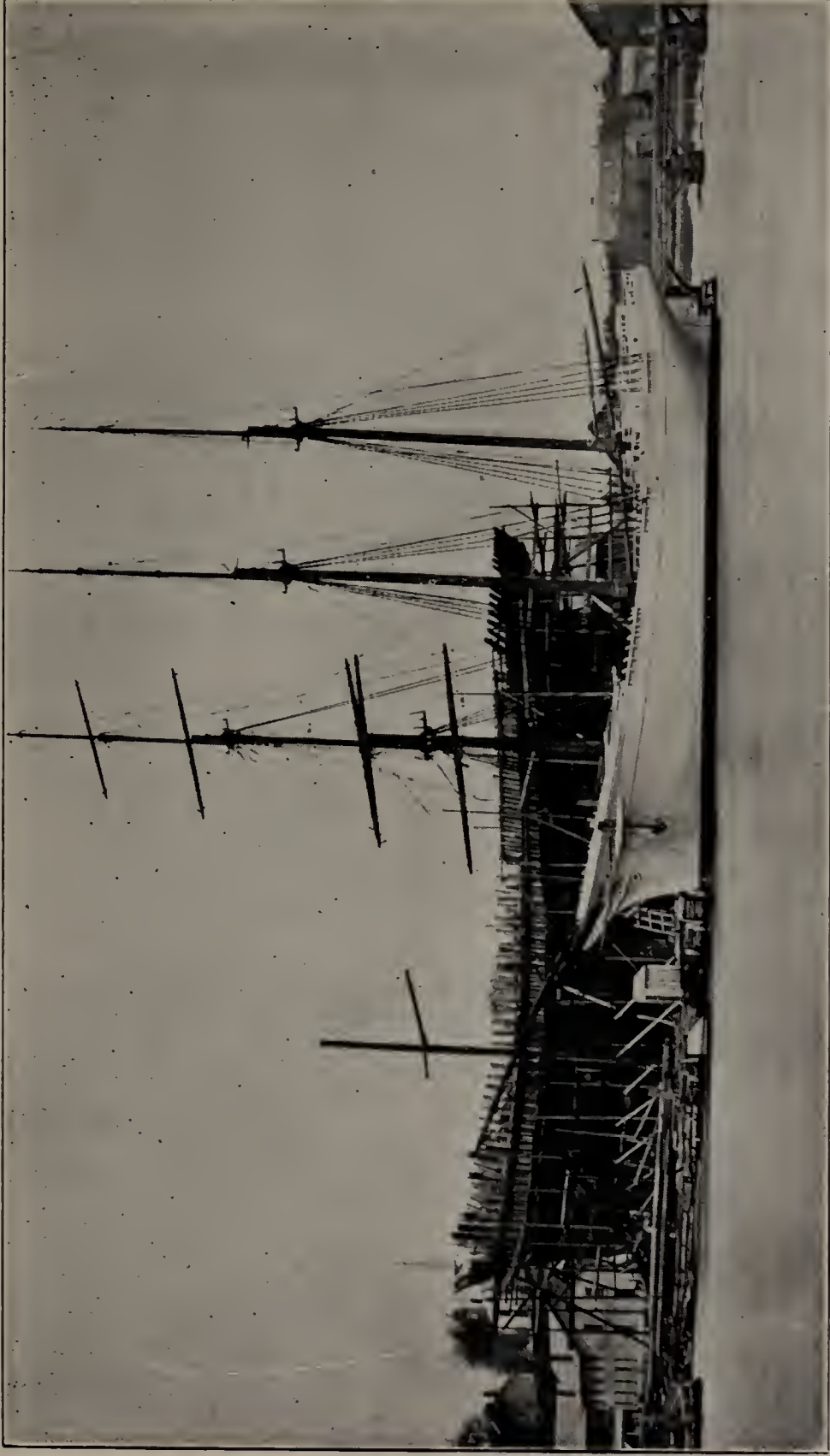
stem, which requires the finest pieces of white oak we can find in the yard, and is generally in three parts, stem, apron and stemson, so firmly united by bolts and dowels as to form one piece of timber with the keel, and to resist, if need be, the impact of an iceberg. Nor is the stern post less carefully selected and built, for on this must hang the rudder on which the very existence of the ship depends.

The floor of the ship, composed of square timbers laid across the keel and fitted to it by a groove, is now put in place. To raise the frame above the keel we frame the futtocks, which are bent or straight timbers that carry the sides up to the required height, looking, when raised into position, like nothing so much as the ribs of a skeleton. All these being in place, our next task is to introduce the keelson. This is a piece or pieces of timber joined together the same as the keel and laid directly above it, so as to strengthen the vessel lengthwise and hold the floor securely in place. Sometimes greater strength is secured by two or more side keelsons bolted securely to the floor and also to the futtocks. Timbers are now fitted tightly between the futtocks and well calked, to make the frame water-tight even before the outer or inner planking is put on, and around the sides,

on the inside, are run the timbers called the shelves, upon which will rest the beams of the deck.

And now, under the keen eye of the master builder, all has been made true and perpendicular, and over the skeleton of our vessel we must put on its skin or planking on the outside and the limber strakes and ceiling within. As much care is given to the inside as the out, for all the seams must be water-tight. The outer planks will vary from four to seven inches in thickness and are fastened to the frame by treenails or pegs of some very hard wood, as locust. Many of the planks must be bent to fit their proper places, and that this may be done are steamed for a time, thus being made more pliable, so that when dry they may adapt themselves to the form they are required to take.

Next the deck is laid, or, as ship carpenters say, "framed," with proper holes for receiving the masts and hatchways, and when the rudder, the brain of the ship, "that like a thought should have control," is hung, we are ready for the calkers. These men, with their mallets and irons, make the seams impervious to water by forcing into them strands of oakum, which is old rope cut in short pieces and picked into



SHIP C. F. SARGENT

BARKENTINE HATTIE S. JACKSON

THE BLANCHARD YARD—1874

threads, and spreading over all melted tar or pitch. Longfellow has described the scene:

“Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.”

The hull is now ready, and by the aid of shears, which are heavy spars fastened together at the top to hold the huge blocks and tackle of the masters, the masts are stepped or lowered into position. The holes which had been prepared for them when the decks were framed were made from three to six inches larger than the proposed mast which it was to receive, and now by the use of wedges the extra space is filled and the mast secured in its proper position. These masts, of course, varied in size with the vessel. In a schooner like the *Damietta* and *Joanna*, the foremast would be twenty-four, the mainmast twenty-three, and the mizzen twenty-two inches in diameter, all of the finest white pine, and each lower mast being about eighty feet long with topmasts reaching up into the air forty-five feet more, these being of spruce. On a ship of about sixteen hundred

tons, such as the *P. N. Blanchard*, the fore and mainmasts were thirty-six inches in diameter.

It is interesting to stop just here and note that the first ship in New England to be fitted with iron masts made in New England was the *Admiral*, built by the Blanchards and launched on the 3rd of June, 1875. These masts were made by Quinn & Company of Portland. Her lower yards and lower topsail yards were also of iron. The *Pacific*, built by the Blanchards in 1869, ten years before the *Admiral*, was also fitted with iron masts, but these were of English manufacture and were taken from an English schooner which had been wrecked on the eastern coast of Maine.

After the masters came the riggers, clinging like spiders to the yards and masts and running about on a precarious footing a hundred or more feet above the ground, spinning their web of lines and blocks, on which the management of the sails would depend. The sails, which the makers had been fashioning in the lofts, were now bent on. Many Yarmouth ships were launched fully rigged, while others were taken to Portland to be finished.

No story of building the ship would be complete did we not mention the names of some of those master workmen whose practical skill

made the character of the craft turned out of the Yarmouth yards so well known for quality and workmanship. Among the carpenters who framed, fastened and ceiled the hull, and the joiners who did the finer work on cabin and finish, were Joseph and Albert Seabury, John Walker, David Gray, Marquis Soule, Lewis Curtis, Augustus True, John M. Cobb, Herman Seabury, William Greely, Augustus Cleaves, Ruel Doughty, Freeman Wyman and many others of equal skill. Many men had some part of the work to do for which they were especially adapted and in which they specialized, as, for instance, Daniel Mitchell, who was famed as an outside planker, or Benjamin Chadsey, as a maker of masts and spars, or Henry Hitchcock, whose especial work was the painting and polishing. John Gurney, Samuel Gooding and Henry Gooding were calkers, and in those days, when a man's handiwork was his pride, Henry Gooding was rated among the workmen of the Maine yards as the "second best calker in the state." The boats for the vessels were built by William Gooding and John Doyle, in their shop at the head of Pleasant Street Hill, or by Edward Seabury and his brother William, at their shop near the yards.

The iron work was a most important part of

the construction, and here came into play the special talents of the ship smiths, Thomas J. Scammon, William P. Hutchinson, Nicholas Roberts and others. The responsibility of these ship smiths appealed to the generation which used Hillard's Fifth Reader, and a declamation often chosen for "last day" exercises was the resonant "Song of the Forge."

"Clang, clang! Again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank! We forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides."

In preparation for the building of a vessel an agreement was generally drawn up by those who wished to invest in her, the cost being divided into shares of sixty-fourths or thirty-seconds, of which each paid his proportional part. At other times the master built on contract with outside parties, and in many of the old agreements payments were made thus, "one-third when the frame is in the yard, one-third when the decks are in, and the balance when the craft is ready for launching."

Two or three craft a year was the usual output of the larger yards, during the days when

the trade was at its height. In 1873, the Hutchins & Stubbs yard launched four, and in 1874 the Giles Loring yard an equal number, while the largest year in the Blanchard yard, which produced craft of larger tonnage, was 1857, when three ships were slid off the ways. The brig *Emma*, which was launched from the Hutchins & Stubbs yards in 1865, was constructed in ninety days and was the boast of her managing owner, Captain Benjamin Webster. Captain Webster contracted for her cargo with a West India merchant of Portland in January, when the men were in the woods cutting her frame, and on the third of April, fully loaded, she sailed out of Portland harbor with a fine northwest wind in time to get to Cuba and secure a return cargo.

The *Admiral*, the largest ship launched from the Yarmouth yards, had a keel length of two hundred and twenty-seven feet, a deck length of two hundred and fifty feet, forty-eight and three-fourths feet beam and twenty-six and two-thirds feet hold, and measured twenty-two hundred and nine tons. Her frame was of Maryland white oak and ceiling and planking of southern pine, with decks of Michigan pine, hackmatack knees and locust treenails. Of her iron masts and spars and wire rigging we have

already spoken. She was fitted with a donkey engine for handling cargo, warping ship and working the pumps. Her forward house was fifty-two feet long and contained the galley, staterooms and crew's quarters. The after house was fifty-three feet long. Her cabins were finished in ash, birch and other hard woods and fitted with every convenience, and the floors covered with Brussels carpets. Her cost was about \$150,000, and she carried a crew of captain, two mates and twenty-four men.


And now our imaginary vessel is ready for the launch, and looking down the river stands, with her foot upon the sands,

“Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.”

And launching day—a great day of fifty years ago—vied in interest and importance with nothing but muster day. And now the launching—but that must be another story.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAUNCHING.

VEN those of a generation too young to remember much about the details of building the ship have distinct memories of launching day, and the recollection of its joys thrills them after many years. For then it was that the village schools had at least a half holiday; then there was music from the Yarmouth band and a free lunch for everybody, even the smallest boy. A gala day it was in the town, with the yards beneath the hill gay with bunting and alive with the holiday crowds that had come in from the countryside to look on. Laughter and practical jokes, joviality and general good nature were the order of the day, for a successful launching was second only in its joy to a happy wedding.

But business before pleasure. That we may enjoy the launching more, let us follow the example of the youngsters and look around a little to see how it was done. Nor was it any inconsiderable feat for a builder to stage a successful launching, and an unsuccessful one was a blot

on his escutcheon and for his craft a bad omen indeed. Foresight and careful work, with attention to a great amount of detail, were demanded, and certain master workmen, whom experience had shown to be especially efficient, were generally put in charge of the arrangements. A ship of two thousand tons burden, without masts or rigging, weighed somewhere near twenty-five hundred tons, and it was his task to get this enormous mass of wood and iron into the water safely and smoothly. We do not wonder that it was one of the proudest boasts of one of our later master builders that in his twenty-five years' experience "he never lost a launch."

It will be remembered that in building the ship we laid our blocks on which to rest our keel sloping toward the water in a declivity of five-eighths of an inch to the foot. This slant is not enough to insure a good launch, and in building the ways on which the craft is to slide into the water the master in charge plans on as much as seven-eighths of an inch to the foot, or even more if the vessel is small and light.

These ways are in two parts. The under part, called the sliding ways, is built of heavy timbers with a smooth planed plank on top, reaching down in continuous lines on each side of the

keel, a few feet distant from it, from the ship to the water. They are built at low tide and reach as far out as is necessary to allow a depth of water sufficient to float the vessel. On the sliding ways rest the bilge ways, much as a sled runner does on the snow. These are securely fastened to the ship with heavy timbers called "poppets," which below are mortised into a plank known as the sole piece. To keep the bilge ways on the sliding ways as the vessel moves along them they are securely braced with shores reaching to the keel, while a strip of plank called the ribbon prevents their leaving the track on outside.

The framework has for some time been ready and now the real work of the launch begins. It is first necessary to raise the huge hull of the ship so that the blocks along the keel may be removed. Two wedges called slices are placed under each poppet, and just before the hour set for the launching men with mallets raise the whole vessel so that all these blocks may be knocked out save a few of those in the fore part of it, which are cut out piecemeal, and the great structure rests on her ways as in a great cradle. All that holds her to land is a stout piece of timber braced from the ship to the ways and known

as the dog shore. Both sliding and bilge ways have been thoroughly greased with soft soap, oil and tallow, and made even more slippery by a liberal sprinkling of flaxseed, that the intense friction of so great a weight may be somewhat relieved.

It is now time for poetry and not for prose. Let Longfellow, who perhaps may have paused to witness a launch in the old yard as he passed over the stage road to Bowdoin College, describe the scene.

“Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean’s arms!”

We have spoken of the impression which launchings made upon the young. At the risk of tiring those who have no liking for poetry, let us quote, this time from a poet not so well known as Longfellow, but whose work was nevertheless fine spirited and true, Edward Noyes Pomeroy.

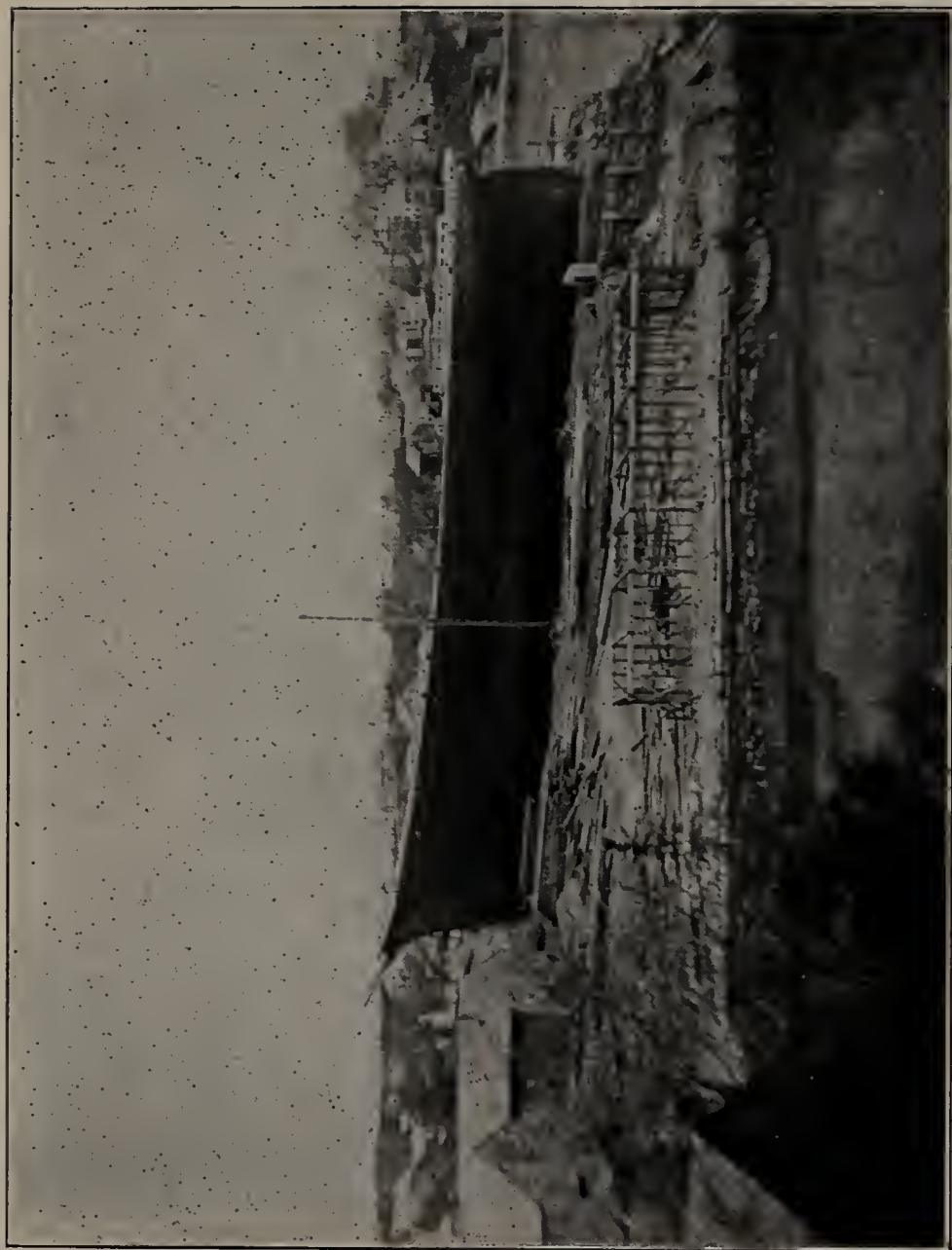
Born in Yarmouth, he must have been, in 1843, some seven years old, when he saw the brig *Pilgrim*, built in David Pratt's yard, take the wave. Here it is as years afterward, as he stood by the deserted yards, memory recalled it to him.

“Launching day is here again,
With throngs and cheers and hearts elate;
The tide as punctual as then
Is brimming now and will not wait.
The shores and spurs are knocked away;
The people motionless at gaze:
The masts and trees and buildings sway,
The bark is gliding from the ways.
The flags are snapping in the sky,
And on the decks, from side to side,
The line is rushing with the cry
Of ‘Roll her, roll her,’ ringing wide.”

The launching, as we have intimated, was not always a complete success and occasionally the vessel stuck on the ways. This was sometimes due to an insufficient quantity of grease being used, or in cold weather to the hardening of the tallow and oils. On one such occasion those who were on board were lined up and sent racing up and down the deck, stamping their feet hard and in unison, and the tremor thus sent through the frame of the ship overcame her reluctance to leave the shore and the launch was safely completed.

The narrowness of the river and the short distance from the slips to the mud banks of the opposite shore presented a continual hazard of running the stern high and dry on the flats. Many devices were used to reduce the momentum gained by the ship in her slide from the ways and "snub her" as quickly as possible. One of these was to attach good-sized spruce trees by their tops to some part of the vessel, that the resistance of the spreading branches might act as a drag and lessen her speed so that the tugs might control her. Despite all precaution, one would sometimes pass across the channel with force enough to lodge herself securely and ignominiously on the mud banks, and days were wasted and all sorts of expedients that Yankee ingenuity could devise were employed before she could be floated once more.

It would be difficult to describe to one who has never seen a launching in the old days, the vast enthusiasm of the crowd, both on the vessel and the shore, as she made her graceful glide and laughing plunge into her native element. Cheer upon cheer is raised, and the hills around echo again and again, the band starts a lively tune, and hats are thrown in the air with joy unrestrained. And now all the community, who are not on board and going "up to the city"



SHIP ADMIRAL, READY FOR LAUNCHING—1875

with the vessel, are invited into one of the large lofts of the buildings on the wharf, and treated to those indispensable concomitants to a good time in rural old New England, coffee, hardtack, cheese and stripped salt fish.

It was considered a great privilege to launch upon a vessel, and, at the invitation of one of her owners, accompany the jolly crowd down the river and up to the city. Many a grandmother of to-day has tender memories that cluster around this short voyage of fifteen miles or so on some bark, brig or ship, whose name was forever interwoven with her maiden fancy. A gay company it always was, and after the great turn had been rounded, and the high, rocky banks of Parker's Point had hidden the village from view, the young people would foregather for all manner of games, and, did not the presence of too Puritanical elders forbid, engage in the good old-fashioned dances, Lady of the Lake, Portland Fancy or the Quadrille. Fathers and mothers looked on, or gathered in the cabins or in knots about the deck in pleasant conversation and reminiscence. Would that we could have listened, for many a tale, now forever lost, was told of vessels launched and sailed from old North Yarmouth and Yarmouth.

Stories would be told, strange and almost

unbelievable to the ears of the younger generation, but vivid memories to the older ones, of the time when vessels were built up country in the very midst of the growing timber and hauled by oxen in the winter to the shore or on to the ice of the river below the falls to await the opening of spring. If Captain Benjamin Webster was on board he would tell of the vessel his grandfather, John Webster, built in the very dooryard on his farm, on what is now the Webster Road in the town of Freeport, and, hauling it over the fields on sleds, launched it in Cousins' River. This was a vessel of such size that Webster loaded it with spars cut on his own farm, put his son, Benjamin Webster, Sr., in command of her, he being at that time a lad of nineteen, and going along himself, arrived at his home in Cold Kirby, England, his native place, which he had not seen for thirty-one years, and which he had left with one guinea in his pocket, and now returned to as owner of his own ship and cargo.

Others would tell of those built in the vicinity of Walnut Hill and along the New Gloucester Road. Master Samuel Chase had several to his credit. Samuel Bacon had here built the schooner *Julien*, of eighty-three tons burden, which was long employed in the coasting and southern

trade. One of the building yards in this section of the town was near where the Maine Central Station once stood at Walnut Hill, before the new section of track was built to avoid the grade. A favorite tale was that of the vessel that ran away on her way to her launching, and we will give it as we copied from a newspaper of fifty years ago, hoping that the names used and locations referred to may be recognized by some.

“Several years prior to the war of 1812, two vessels of about seventy tons each were built at North Yarmouth, one near the house of William Titcomb being built by Captain Thaddeus Robbins, the other by Captain Ozias Blanchard on the land where Rufus Sweetser’s buildings now stand. These vessels were built in the summer and hauled to the water the winter following. At this time there were no buildings from where Samuel Sweetser now lives to the head of the Greely Road, so called.

“In January these vessels were ready and as soon as sufficient snow had fallen the owners commenced operations. In order to steer the craft on dry land they rigged out a spar over the taffrail long enough to reach the ground, and when the vessels were in motion they could be easily guided by shoving their sterns either way.

“The two vessels were ready about the same time. The one in North Yarmouth was started one Monday in January and hauled to the top of the hill near what is now called Yarmouth Falls. The next day they hooked eighty yoke of oxen on to the other one and started for the sea. All went well until they reached the top of the hill near Captain Thomas Chase’s. Here they took off half the team and put them on behind the vessel, to prevent her from going down hill too fast. They had two mill chains and a seven-inch hawser to hold her back with. The bridge at the foot of the hill was very narrow, and it required considerable skill to steer her across in safety. When about halfway down the hill one of the mill chains broke, leaving one string of oxen and the hawser to hold her back with. No danger was apprehended until within fifty feet of the bridge, when the other chain parted, throwing all the weight upon the hawser.

“It now seemed as if the vessel must go off the bridge, but when she reached the structure the vessel’s shoe caught on one of the stringers of the bridge and she was stopped. The teams in front could not get out of the way quick enough and were all tangled up, the vessel stopping just soon enough to avoid serious damage. Nathaniel Merrill, of Cumberland, was

the only person injured, he having a leg broken by a falling spar. All hands then took hold of the vessel and she was hauled to the bottom of the hill. The next day the first craft was placed on the flats, and the following day the second one was served likewise.

“In those days this work was done gratis, no charge being made for man or team. The owners, however, treated the men to crackers, cheese, fish, coffee and rum, prepared and served by the women folks, who thus got their share of the general good time. At the present time such a job could not be done for less than one thousand dollars.”

Had Marshall N. Rich been in the company he would have added a reminiscence of what he considered the last of the vessels which were thus given an overland launching. It was a craft of forty or fifty tons and was hauled in the spring of 1843. When on his way to attend school in the old square-roofed, red schoolhouse, at the foot of “Meeting House Hill,” he found the craft stuck in the narrow bridge way across Tanyard Brook, just below the present two brick schoolhouses. He never forgot the excitement there was in fear of a premature launch into the little brook. The ordeal was soon past, however, and after much backing and filling,

heeing and hawing on the part of the teamsters, the vessel kept on its course towards the Falls.

Before the Maine Law went into effect, it was customary to lash a jug of New England rum under the bowsprit and periodically to pipe all hands under the bows for a nip of "Old Medford." On one of Samuel Bacon's haulings of a craft named the *Oregon*, the vessel heeled over on her side and lay helpless in the gutter until, with much labor, she was righted and sent on her way once more. The temperance people of the town long claimed that this, either directly or indirectly, was the effect of the "Old Medford."


Despite the merriment, there was always a tinge of sadness about a launching—that sadness with which a mother sees her son start out from home to make his own way in life, an indefinite blending of hope and fear. Seldom did the little river see her children again, for they were ambitious of wider paths and of associations with the great ports of the world. Some for years would safely carry their cargoes up and down the lanes of the seas, some on their maiden voyages would lay their bones on a lonely coral reef, but all would for their appointed time bear the name of the little town, their birthplace, to strange and far places, and while

Yarmouth was a port of hail, the seven seas would hear the name in the cheery hail of this and that "good ship of Yarmouth."



CHAPTER IV.

THE MASTERS AND THEIR SHIPS.

N a newspaper article on Yarmouth, written in the early eighties, it was said that some forty retired sea captains had their homes in the town. It was a conservative estimate. The writer was probably thinking only of that class of men who, going down to the sea in ships, doing business in the great waters, guided their vessels on long voyages anywhere over the seven seas, "deep sea captains," as they are called in Yarmouth. Had he counted the "skippers," who sailed their coasting sloops and schooners from port to port, with now and then a voyage to the West Indies, his numbers would have been much larger.

From the fifties to the eighties, almost any house with any pretension to size and architecture along the streets of the village was owned by some captain. Many a walk was bordered with queen conch shells, while within, used as ornaments, might be found shells picked up on many a tropical beach, murex, nerita, cowry, spiny oyster and coral in abundance. Tea sets of real china, Japanese screens and lacquer

boxes, teak wood chests and many another curio enriched the furnishings, while the pantry shelves bore delicacies unfamiliar to this generation, currie powders, guava jellies, tamarinds and jars of Canton ginger in syrup. As in the old South it was always safe to address any respectable-looking individual as "colonel," so was it proper in the town to prefix the title "captain" to the name of any citizen, with this difference, however, that it had almost always been earned by real service on the sea and was not for honorary or ornamental purposes only.

Even a partial list of the ship masters of Yarmouth would read like a portion of the census. In the forties, by actual count, over one-quarter of the population of the town was engaged in navigation, and one who cares to read the headstones in the old cemetery below the ledge will be struck by the large number of those who died in the last part of the eighteenth or first of the nineteenth century who were masters of ships. Family names are repeated over and over again, Princes, Yorks, Chandlers, Hills, Grays and Drinkwaters. Some inscriptions tell the sad story of those who died in foreign ports and were brought home for burial; some the still sadder tale of one who sailed from port and was never afterward heard from, and others

merely the spot near some place pricked on the chart, where the body was committed to the sea till it give up its dead.

Among the earlier names there is a majority of Drinkwaters. Joseph Drinkwater, who settled on Cousins' Island in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, had nine sons, and it is related that they were all masters of vessels. Family tradition has it that once, by chance, all nine passed the castle in Boston Harbor in one day. The officer in command, hearing that so many vessels under the command of men of the same name had entered the harbor, feared that some mischief might be brewing and went up to the city to investigate. Here he was astonished to find that the report was true, and furthermore that all the men were brothers. He invited all to have supper with him, and entertained them so sumptuously that the event was long held in memory by the family.

We would tell one more anecdote of this family, as it so well illustrates the stuff of which these men were made. John, one of the nine brothers, was to be married to Susannah Brown. The day was set for the wedding and in the evening the guests assembled, but no bridegroom came. Some of the guests proposed going for him, but the bride said, "No, if he will

not come of his own free will, he need not come at all." John, however, appeared the next day, and gave as his reason why he had not come the evening previous that he was loading his vessel at Chebeague, and was fearful that if he did not stand by and get her off he might lose the run to Boston, and he thought some other day would do just as well to get married.

It is astonishing to navigators of to-day how these older captains, with such imperfect instruments, no chronometer and almost no knowledge of mathematics, found their way with so few mistakes over the high seas. The most of them had a pretty good idea of latitude, but few could "work longitude." An amusing story is told of one, whose name shall not be recorded, who, sailing for Bermuda, a rather difficult spot to find, being only twelve miles in extent, returned home with his cargo, swearing by all that was holy to him that Bermuda had sunk, for of a surety he had passed with his vessel right over the place where Bermuda was and Bermuda was not there.

In 1821 the mariners of the town requested Rev. Stephen Chapin, pastor of the Baptist Church, to preach to them. The sermon so pleased them that Andrew Blanchard, Lazarus Bates and Joshua Gray were chosen a commit-

tee to have it printed, and after selling enough copies to defray the expense of printing to distribute the remainder among those who "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." The good doctor's rather skillful blending of nautical and theological terms in his closing exhortation may be interesting. "What is your present character and condition?" he asks. "Have you been launched from the stocks of nature into the ocean of grace? Have you on board all things requisite for your passage to eternity? Where is your pilot? Are you furnished with chart and compass? Is the Bible your support and guide? Is it by this book you ascertain your position, your course and your bearings? Are you supplied with ship's stores to last the voyage? When you make a harbor and enjoy temporary rest and peace from the storms of life do you preserve an anchor watch lest you be assaulted and robbed by enemies or drift from your ground and be carried away upon rocks and quicksands? Do you often try the lead and heave the log to know your bottom and rate your run? If so, happy men, happy mariners, heave up, spread all your sail, and the winds of mercy will soon waft you into the port of eternal rest."

Many of these mariners were deeply religious



LORING AND BLANCHARD YARDS—1874

men, and even so great a temptation as a fair wind would not induce them to leave port on the Sabbath. But even among the most religious, Captain John Loring was remarkable. He determined when he became a captain that he would carry religion to its fullest extent into his own life and that of his ship's company, and therefore shipped both officers and crew with a full understanding of his plan, and thus secured their co-operation. Every morning in fine weather the Scriptures were read, a hymn was sung and prayer offered. No profanity was allowed, the Sabbath was carefully kept, and his ship earned the name among seamen of "the floating Bethel." For thirty years he sailed the seas without stress of bread or water, never suffering shipwreck in any degree or sailing a losing voyage.

Many and strange were the adventures of our masters and sailors in those early days, far removed from the quiet of the little home village. During the Crimean war, Captain Benjamin Loring had a most vivid experience. He was but a boy then, and on one of his first voyages bound for Constantinople in the *Chapin*, loaded with ammunition for the Turkish army. In October, 1854, the *Chapin* anchored in the harbor of Bala-

klava. A battle was going on and the fighting lines were only about a mile from where the ship lay, and now and then from her decks the movements of the troops could be seen, while the roar of the cannon was continuous. This battle was one of the most heroic achievements of modern times, a small force of English holding many times their number of Russians, and the "charge of the light brigade," familiar to every schoolboy from Tennyson's poem describing it, was the most glorious incident of the conflict. The day after the battle, young Loring went ashore with his captain and was shown where the famous charge was made. He never forgot the grim sight of the uncleared battlefield, the awful havoc of war, and the unburied bodies of the two thousand who had fallen.

David Pratt, Jr., the youngest son of Master David, one of our first builders, was only sixteen years old when he went on his first voyage "around the horn" with his brother Timothy. Later, he succeeded Captain Benjamin Webster as captain of the *Helios*. In the years of the war 1862 to 1867, he sailed her in the Pacific, carrying passengers and freight between San Francisco and Hong Kong, and employing his time between trips in coasting along the shore from California to Alaska, at his own venture,

for furs, ice and fish. It has been claimed that he was the first person to introduce the trade in fresh fish in San Francisco.

In December, 1863, while Captain Pratt was in Hong Kong in the *Helios*, word was received that the Confederate vessel *Alabama* had succeeded in getting into the Pacific Ocean by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and had but lately coaled at Singapore. From December to March, no American ship dared venture out of harbor. During that time, however, Captain Pratt and his wife were royally entertained by the American consulate and Chinese mandarins. One incident in this experience was a trip to Tokio in a Russian corvette, the officers of which were all noblemen. When in March, 1864, the *Alabama* was reported to have rounded the cape on her way to France, the *Helios* resumed her voyage.

The story of the coasters and their skippers deserves a chapter by itself. At one time there were fourteen of these craft sailing out of Royall's River. The railroads could not then compete with them as freight carriers, and thus the products of the busy little town were carried to market. The streets were full of teams hauling bricks from the five or more yards then in operation, or pottery and tanned hides from

the kilns or tanneries at the "corner village," to say nothing of the creaking ox teams laden with hay or wood from the surrounding farms. Almost every point with water enough at its end to float a loaded vessel at high tide had its wharf, both along the foreshore and up Royall's and Cousins' rivers. On many of these wharves were hay barns for the storage of "screwed hay," and many a boy earned his first dollar rolling the bales from these barns to the waiting schooner. With brick for ballast and hay piled high upon the deck, these little schooners, as they dropped down the river to wait a favorable breeze for making the trip, looked like nothing so much as floating haystacks.

It is told by one who sailed up the river in these days that from Parker's Point to Union Wharf he counted sixteen schooners, besides the smaller craft, either loaded or waiting for their cargoes. Of those who hailed from Yarmouth we can name at least eleven, the *Milo*, *Friendship*, *S. B. Stebbins*, *Maryland*, *Boston*, *Garcelon*, *Margaret*, *Wave*, *Cady*, *Casco Lodge*, and the *George and Emily*. Up little Cousins' River, also, sloops and small schooners worked their way at high tide, often towed by men on shore pulling on ropes over the bows. Here they loaded at Davis landing, on the west

branch of the river, or, after the Freeport Road was built over the marshes, at the wharves below the second bridge. Captain Benjamin Webster tells how, as a boy of twelve, he pulled with the men on the tow lines of the schooner *Lucy*, walking with bare feet on the marshes through ice the thickness of window glass, as they "worked the tide" up to Davis landing to load with granite, which, as early as 1826, was being quarried at the ledges in Pownal to be used in building the United States Hotel in New York.


There is an inexhaustible wealth of anecdotes of the masters and their ships which lack of space forbids our telling—how Captain Jacob G. Loring, warned by a southern friend, sailed his vessel from New Orleans a day earlier than he had intended and thus saved her from confiscation by the Southern Confederacy; how Captain Chandler's ship was burned at sea off the mouth of the Rio and the crew was rescued by the United States warship *Powhatan*. The autobiography of Captain Benjamin Webster, written by the old gentleman a few years before his death, is the record of a typical, shrewd, Yankee seaman and successful manager of ships, while the diary of his wife, who sailed with him, gives, from a feminine and unusual point of

view, a picture of life aboard the sailing ships in the era of the great freight carriers before the Civil War.

Those who had the good fortune to be admitted to the favored circle who gathered around the stove in the boat shop of John Walker, to listen to the conversation of the little knot of men who had built and sailed and loved the ships, have a rich fund of reminiscence of the later masters, many of whom, as shipping as a business declined, retired and finished their days in the old town, worthy, kindly, dignified old gentlemen, loved and respected of all, Blanchards, Humphreys, Curtis, Harding, Small, Marston, Thomas, York, Prince, Bucknam, Young, Cleaves, Brown, Allen, Newton, Pierce and many others. A few only of the "deep sea captains" remain among us, Captain Nathaniel W. Blanchard, Charles Oakes, Sumner P. Drinkwater, John G. Drinkwater, William H. Gooding, Herbert N. Humphrey, Frank E. Young, men who in every particular measure up to Captain Benjamin Webster's formula for the ideal master, "smart, driving, honest, temperate and alert for his owner's interests."

CHAPTER V.

DISASTERS.

S one turns over the rusty pages of the files of that gone but not forgotten institution of forty years ago, the “weekly, family journal of literature, news, etc.,” as, for example, the *Portland Transcript*, of honored memory, he little realizes how carefully the column or two of shipping news, printed in fine type on the last page, under the heading “Marine Journal,” have been read; how the appearance of a well-known name under the heading “Arrivals,” in either the foreign or domestic section, has caused a prayer of thanksgiving to arise from some loving heart, or, under “Spoken,” has lifted a heavy load of anxiety that was oppressing another. But last in the column, as if withholding ill news till all good news were told, came that dire black heading “Disasters,” representing, we may never know how much, of heartache and tears.

Of the three hundred or more vessels, large and small, which had their birth on the shores of Royall’s River, only one, the *Mattie J. Alles*,

now appears in the marine registers, at least under its original name. Of some of these we know the place of sepulchre; of by far the greater part we are ignorant. Some have survivors who can tell the story of their last hours; some have disappeared from sight with all on board, and none have been left to tell the tale. Could we but make the sea give up its dead, we might learn interesting things of these craft, many a mystery would find an explanation, and we could tell a complete story of the fate of the fleet.

A few of these stories of disaster, too short to be given a chapter by themselves, we may tell and thus revive this side of life in the days when "men built ships and sailed them," when the latest marine news was the prime topic of daily conversation, and the interests of a little town in Maine were as broad as the seven seas. We may not be able to connect them into a smooth narrative, but, like the old gentlemen from whom many of them have come, we hope to be excused if in our reminiscences we lapse into the anecdotal.

The Yankee skipper or shipmaster of the period from the Revolutionary War until our second war with England, which McMaster has characterized as the "war for the freedom of

the seas," could fully sympathize with Paul, for, like the great apostle, he was "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." From 1796 to 1810, at least nine Yarmouth vessels were taken by the French and others probably escaped confiscation by "buying off."

Writing his wife from Kingston, Jamaica, in January, 1806, Captain David Gray said: "On the tenth of this month in the *Corcus* Passage I was boarded by a French privateer and robbed of all my spare rigging, blocks, potatoes, onions, etc. Then I proceeded to this place. On my arrival here my vessel and cargo were seized on account of some beef I had on board, but I have got her clear by paying six hundred dollars." The same Captain Gray, three years later, while on a passage from Boston to St. Sebastian, was captured off Cape Penas, on the north coast of Spain, by the British *Amazon* and he and all his crew made prisoners. In this condition they remained nearly a month, when they were liberated.

Not alone from the nations at war was there danger, but the seas swarmed with pirates. Elizabeth Oakes Smith has left us an account of the capture of her grandfather, Captain Seth Blanchard, who was long engaged in the West

India trade, by one of these admirals of the Carribean. During the chase the steward of Captain Blanchard's vessel was killed by a shot from the swivel of the pirate vessel, his head being knocked off. Blanchard saved his vessel from destruction by making himself known as a Freemason. For many years afterward the wife of the steward was a member of Captain Blanchard's family.

A double tragedy was that of Captain Darius Pratt and his family. In 1854, he sailed in the *Pumgustuk*, a Yarmouth-built ship, from Cardiff, Wales, to New York, loaded with railroad iron. In mid-Atlantic the ship was lost, but Captain Pratt, his family and a part of the crew were rescued and taken back to Liverpool. In September they sailed for home on the ill-fated steamer *Arctic*. "Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him." On the noon of the eighth day out, in the fogs of the Newfoundland banks, the *Arctic* collided with the French steamer *Vesta*, and sunk with almost all of her passengers, Captain Pratt, his wife and son Norman among them.

The years from 1874 to 1878 took heavy toll of Yarmouth-built vessels. On November 1, 1874, the ship *Pacific*, on a voyage from Antwerp to Cardiff, was wrecked at Stackpole, on the coast

of Wales. The weather was thick and hazy and the wind blowing a strong breeze, and although the mate was uneasy and felt that the ship was farther on her course than was realized, the captain, relying on the pilot he had taken aboard, held the course that was pointed out. Suddenly, at about nine in the evening, land loomed up through the fog, dead ahead and distant only about a half a mile. Orders were given to wear ship immediately, but while the men were squaring the after yards the vessel struck. At eleven it was found that there were ten feet of water in the hold and the masts were cut away. At this point the crew began to leave the ship, swimming ashore, and after considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting a boat to land with a hawser, by means of which all the crew gained safety save one sailor, who was drowned attempting to swim ashore.

In May of the next year, the ship *Star*, on its way from Lobos, Peru, to a European port, sunk off the coast of Chili. The ship, which was eighteen years old, commenced to leak badly on the 29th of April, so that her pumps could not keep her free, and being unable to find the leak her captain, George Gould, put her about with the intention of making Valpariso. On the fourth day, after finding that his ship was sink-

ing, he steered for the nearest land, but was soon forced to leave the *Star*, which sunk within an hour after she had been abandoned. The captain, second mate, steward and eleven men took the lifeboat, the first mate and eleven men the large boat, and steered for land. Three days later, in attempting to land in the surf, the captain's boat was upset, and all on board drowned except Captain Gould, who was washed ashore on a plank. After an imperative rest of three days among the Indians of the coast, who treated him with great kindness, the captain reached civilization by walking to the Chilean town of Castro.

The *Admiral* was the pride of the yards of Yarmouth, the queen of the Blanchard fleet. As one of her owners remarked at her launching, "they built her to keep." The gods of the sea, however, had decreed otherwise. Twenty months after she had passed down Royall's River she lay a total wreck on the shores of Patagonia. Only six miles from a point off the coast called Punta Rosa she struck an exposed reef and hung there with her stern high and dry. All of her crew of twenty-seven men arrived safe on shore. It was confidently hoped that at least a part of the cargo, which was valued at around \$80,000, might be salvaged, but by some

strange trick of fate the schooner which took off a part of it was wrecked and totally lost. A salvage house in Buenos Aires paid \$12,000 for the remainder, and thus was lost a ship worth at least \$150,000 and a cargo of \$80,000.

Although the wrecked ship was not built in Yarmouth, the town lost one of its best captains and most respected citizens when the ship *Champlain* sunk off the Farralon Islands, a few miles outside the Golden Gate, California, and Captain Reuben Merrill was killed. The *Champlain* had been off the heads for three days in a fog so dense that no observations could be made, when about seven o'clock in the evening of the 17th of June, 1875, without warning, she struck on the rocks. At first she grounded but lightly at the stern, but shortly she struck along her whole length, and quickly knocking her bottom out she slid off into deep water, where she sunk with such rapidity that it was with difficulty that the crew got into the boats. Captain Merrill was the last to leave the ship, and as he was getting into the boat over the bows he was struck by the *Champlain's* martingale and killed. His son, Osborne B. Merrill, who was first mate of the ship, took command. Shortly after the *Champlain* sunk the fog lifted, and being sighted

by the schooner *Mendocino* the crew were taken on board and carried into San Francisco.

A like tragedy was the washing overboard of Captain E. W. Hill from the ship *Bertha*. The *Bertha* was from the Hutchins & Stubbs yard, and at the time of this disaster was owned by J. S. Winslow & Company, of Portland. Captain Hill had commanded her about two years, making voyages to Liverpool and the Pacific. In February, 1878, he left Liverpool for Portland, loaded with salt. The log records little of interest except heavy weather until the 28th of that month, when the *Bertha* encountered a terrible southwest gale. About two in the afternoon of that day she shipped a heavy sea, which washed the captain, carpenter and three seamen overboard and carried away in its fury two of the boats, at the same time staving the pilot house and skylight and lifting the covering boards the whole length of the poop deck. Such a sea was running that only one of the seamen who was washed overboard could be saved. The mate took charge of the ship, and the next day they fell in with the English steamer *Bolivia*, and, as the *Bertha* was short-handed, the fourth officer of the *Bolivia* and two seamen were shipped to aid in navigating her.

And now a fog of mystery began to gather

about the *Bertha*. Word of the loss of Captain Hill was received at home about the 9th of March, and it was expected that the *Bertha* would soon arrive. In a few days, however, to the great surprise of her owners, it was reported that the ship was heading back toward Ireland. Captain Hill had been lost in about 36.35 degrees west longitude, which a glance at the map will show as off the coast of Newfoundland, and nearly two-thirds of her way home. Why, then, should she be retracing her course back across the Atlantic? The crew claimed, and later events proved, that the hope of salvage was the motive in the mind of the officer put aboard by the *Bolivia*, and with him the mate of the *Bertha*, either from moral weakness or knavery, connived. The ship did not arrive in her home port until the latter part of May, when she was brought over from Ireland in charge of Captain James Chisam, a Bath shipmaster, who had retired and was living at the time in Liverpool.

The ship *Bertha* later came under the management of Captain Benjamin Webster, and made a number of long and successful voyages. On her last, however, when returning from Buenos Aires by way of Turks' Island, loaded with salt

for Boston, she never arrived. No news was ever had, either of vessel or crew.

One of the singular coincidences that stir the tongues of the superstitious and are long told at winter firesides, grew out of the loss of Captain Hill. In March of 1878, Captain Charles Anderson, master of the ship *Giles Loring*, died at Rio Janeiro, of yellow fever. His wife was visiting Mrs. Sarah Hill, the widow of the ill-fated captain of the *Bertha*, and assisting her in neighborly kindness during her bereavement, when she was called home to receive the news of the death of her own husband.

One Yarmouth vessel, the *James Rothwell*, built in the Hutchins & Stubbs yard in 1884, obtained some notoriety on the charts of hydrographic survey as a derelict. Loaded with mahogany for New York, she became water-logged and partially sunk off Hatteras. Her crew for several days found refuge on her after-house till they and Captain Ross were taken off, half starved, by a passing vessel. After being abandoned, she started on a long voyage of her own, drifting twice completely across the Atlantic Ocean, in a course resembling an elongated circle, until almost exactly one year from the time she started her career as a derelict, she



BARK ONAWAY
LORING, COBB AND CHADSEY YARD—1883

was reported for the last time within a few miles of her starting point.

The *George A. Wright*, considered by good judges as one of the finest barks ever launched in Maine, had the shortest life of any vessel out of Yarmouth, living only nine days after starting on her maiden voyage. She was launched in 1877, and immediately proceeded to Boston under Captain Joseph Brooks, where she took on a cargo of about 60,000 bushels of grain for Liverpool. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the ninth day out, the vessel was hove on her beam ends by a gale that had been blowing for several hours, and the grain shifting, could not recover herself. The crew were just about taking to the boats when a fishing schooner hove in sight and answered their signal of distress. She proved to be the *Joshua S. Sanborn* out of Gloucester. It being nearly dark, the captain, his wife and two small children, and the mate who took charge of the rescue of Mrs. Brooks and the children, were with great difficulty swung by ropes over the raging seas into the boats. In the morning the remainder of the crew were taken off. The bark went down about an hour after. Her mate was Samuel H. Seabury, of Yarmouth, and two of her sailors

were Yarmouth men, Edward Doughty and Henry Seabury.

The sea holds fast many secrets. Mysterious disappearances fill the records of her ships. Such a one was that of the *Agenora*, the second of that name built for and managed by Captain Benjamin Webster. She had always been a fortunate vessel for her owners until, in 1876, she left New York bound for Cuba, and never arrived. Her captain was Samuel H. Seabury, of Yarmouth. Another like disappearance was that of the bark *Itonus*. After a voyage to Australia, she came to the west coast of South America, and there loaded nitrate for New York, but never was heard from. Her owners always supposed that she went down after a collision with an iceberg.

Miraculous escapes, also, abound in the story of the ships. Such was that of the ship *C. F. Sargent* in the seventies. She had loaded in a port of Peru and was ready to sail, when she was caught by an immense tidal wave that created havoc and wrought disaster in the harbor. The *Sargent*, a ship of 1704 tons, rose on the crest of the wave, and, according to the account of her crew, spun like a top on the sea, but escaped unhurt.

A queer experience was that of Captain Ben-


jamin Webster. He was on his first voyage as captain in the *Isaac Johnson*, bound from Wilmington to New York, with a heavy deck load of hewn timber, some of it forty or fifty feet long and fifteen inches square. The first night out he ran into a heavy September gale, and his ship started to leak so badly that it was necessary to get clear of the deck load. This was done by cutting the rigging so that the foremast and all the timber above the rail went into the sea. Let the captain finish the yarn. "I went off with the deck load, on top of one of the sticks. Of course while I was on this stick of timber my thoughts ran quickly. I had been taken off with the deck load with my vessel half full of water, and had exchanged my vessel for a stick of timber that could hold no water, but I had this advantage, at least, I could not be water-logged. I had neither craft nor provisions, compass nor canvas to navigate or propel this new craft that I had joined so much against my will. I often look back on this as one of the most narrow escapes of my life. This stick of timber that I was on had worked round so that one end pointed nearly toward the vessel. A heavy sea took it and landed it crosswise over the vessel. They grabbed hold of me and saved

me. The only accident I suffered was having one foot badly jammed."

Perhaps we have lingered overlong on disasters, the dark side of the life of every old New England seaport town. Nevertheless it was an integral part of that life, a part that in our love for the romance and adventure of a life on the wave, in our admiration of the beauty and grace of the ships themselves, and the innate attraction which everything that pertains to the sea has for all of us who have "salt in our blood," we are too apt to forget. Yet often to the lonely wife or anxious mother the sea meant, as it did to John in Patmos, separation from all that she loved best. Because of this the pastor of one of the churches, in a sermon contrasting the change and decay of this life with the changeless bliss of the life to come, could use as his text, without fear of being misunderstood by his congregation, the picture of heaven painted by the apostle in the words, "There shall be no more sea."

CHAPTER VI.

YANKEE PLUCK AND CRAFT.

HE period of the Revolutionary War was one of hard times for the inhabitants of North Yarmouth. The greater part of the able-bodied men were in the service of their country, leaving to the women and boys the care of the fields at home. Especially was the difficulty great in the years 1779 and 1780, when the British fleet was off the coast, and for fear of them the little coasters dared not go to market in Boston, Salem and the western ports.

Yankee ingenuity, however, discovered a way to slip past these watchful vessels, although it took daring and pluck on the part of the skippers, and many stories are a part of the archives of the old families to-day of narrow escapes from capture and of an infinite variety of tricks of seamanship and craft by which the fleet was evaded and food supplies for the needy town procured.

It was the custom to collect wood, hay and other country produce, load a vessel, and late in the fall watch a chance, after a southerly gale,

which compelled the English cruisers to put out to sea, to make the run to Boston or Salem, where they bartered their cargo for flour and West India goods, and, at the first favorable opportunity, make the voyage back home.

It is related of John Drinkwater, of Prince's Point, a man of much energy and decision of character, who for many years was captain of a vessel carrying wood to Boston, that during the war, in returning to Casco Bay from one of his trips to the westward, he was chased by a small, armed British vessel, or rather a small pinky, which they had captured and retained for her superior sailing qualities for the purpose of intercepting coasters. He was then in charge of a good-sized schooner for those days and had his elder sons with him. The cruiser fired a gun for him to heave to, but he paid no heed, and taking the helm, he told his boys to keep out of sight, and, notwithstanding shots were fired after him, resolutely kept his course. The enemy's vessel, being much the superior sailer, soon gained a position on his weather quarter and overhauled him. When, however, they were just in the act of boarding, he suddenly put his helm hard up and jibbed over his main-sail, and as the heavy main boom, driven by a strong breeze, struck the pinky's masts they

were carried by the board, and the little vessel left a wreck and its crew the dupes of a Yankee trick.

At another time this same John Drinkwater carried a cargo of wood to Boston, and, instead of bartering it, took his pay in Continental currency. He started for home, but the wind coming ahead, he made a harbor at Lynn. While there he took his boots on shore and had them tapped. When he settled the bill it took the whole proceeds of his cargo to pay it. This, according to one of his family who tells the story, was not on account of the size of the shoes, but the great depreciation of Continental money at the time.

Late in the fall of 1780, Captain Gray, in the schooner *Rhoda*, arrived in Broad Cove and anchored near Anderson's Rocks. Elated at their success in evading the cruisers, the crew left the vessel with two boys, John Barr and Perez Drinkwater, to keep ship and went on shore to spend the night with their families. Next morning nothing was to be seen of the *Rhoda*. The scarcity of food for the winter months was appalling to the little community, and the *Rhoda* had been the great hope of sustenance until spring. Concluding that they might as well perish by sword as by famine, the inhabitants

armed themselves as well as they could, some only with pitchforks, and taking an old sloop that was lying where Spear's Wharf now stands, started outside to see what had become of their vessel.

Nothing was seen until they had passed Deer Point, Chebeague, when the two boys, John and Perez, appeared in the small boat of the *Rhoda*. The lads said that they had been seized about eleven the night before by a boat from a cruiser outside, the cable slipped and the schooner carried off. They knew nothing of the destination of the prize except that, before they had been put into the boat and set adrift, they had heard the crew say something about Monhegan. To Monhegan they went and on entering the harbor at night the *Rhoda* was seen at anchor.


Pretending they were ignorant of the anchorage grounds, they maneuvered awkwardly and "accidentally" bumped into the prize, and in three minutes the *Rhoda* was in the possession of her rightful owners. They at once got both schooner and sloop under sail and headed toward home. The next morning, when off Seguin, they fell in with a large English schooner, lumber laden, which they at once captured and proceeded on their way. Putting into the river long enough to leave the *Rhoda* at Larrabee's

Landing and unload such of the necessities of life as they wished from the stores of the lumber schooner, they took her by the way of Broad Cove and along the shore to Portland. The prize money thus obtained, together with the supplies captured, secured North Yarmouth against famine and enabled the inhabitants to pass the long winter in comfort.



CHAPTER VII.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN DRINKWATER.

 ANY a tale of the sea has been handed down in the old seafaring families of Yarmouth, which, although true in every detail, reads as interestingly as any of Captain Kingston's stories of romance and adventure. Such is that of the career of John Drinkwater, which Miss Mary G. Prince, forty or more years ago, collected and contributed to "Old Times in North Yarmouth, Maine." She writes as follows:

"The hardy mariners of North Yarmouth have ever stood among the foremost of their profession for enterprise and endurance, and have won fortune in the face of perils by sea and by land. The plain, unvarnished tale now given to the readers of 'Old Times' is of one who, at the close of the last century, underwent extraordinary hardships, and displayed in a most remarkable manner the fearlessness, courage and resolution characteristic of his family.

"John Drinkwater, the hero of my story, was the second child of John Drinkwater and the

grandson of Joseph Drinkwater, the first of that name who settled on Cousins' Island within the limits of North Yarmouth. He was probably born on Prince's Point, about 1765, and early in life became a mariner.

“In 1795, when he was thirty years of age, Mr. Drinkwater sailed from Boston as mate or supercargo of an American ship, bound to Africa to trade with the natives. The destination of the ship was probably some port on the west coast, a little to the southward of Cape Palmas. There was a considerable amount of specie on board to be used in trading operations. When they were about halfway across the Atlantic the officers and crew mutinied and killed the captain on deck one bright moonlight night. As none of the mutineers understood navigation, they spared Mr. Drinkwater's life on account of his superior knowledge of that branch and compelled him to direct the course of the vessel toward the coast of Africa. For some unknown reason the life of a young man, twenty-two years of age, nephew of the captain, and native of a small town near Boston, was also spared. Neither threats nor flattery, however, could induce Mr. Drinkwater or his companion to promise the mutineers that they would never reveal the murder of the captain, and in consequence

they lived in daily fear of being murdered themselves.

“At last the ship anchored in a bay, probably on the coast of Guinea. When ready for sea the mutineers sent Mr. Drinkwater, the young man and two sailors ashore in a boat to get a supply of water. They were moderately successful at first, and while the sailors were filling some of the casks with water it was proposed that the party should separate and go in opposite directions in search of natural springs. Mr. Drinkwater and his young friend wandered off together and after some time returned to the shore, when, to their horror, they found the boat and the two sailors gone, and saw the ship with all sails set standing out to sea. They were then convinced that the mutineers had determined to abandon them.

“When they found themselves alone on that desolate coast the boy threw himself on the ground in an agony of grief. Mr. Drinkwater urged him to keep up his spirits, and endeavored to cheer his sinking spirit by presenting the necessity of traveling towards some settlement, where they could find food and shelter. They then followed the seacoast in a southerly direction, subsisting on crabs, fish, etc., and sleeping under trees, but on the third day the

young man died, exhausted and brokenhearted. Mr. Drinkwater dug a grave and buried him on the seashore, where the wild beasts could not devour his remains. He then pursued his lonely journey through the wilderness, keeping as much as possible near the coast in hopes of sighting a vessel.

“He sometimes slept on the ground, but when compelled to travel through the forests would generally shelter himself before nightfall among the branches of some tall tree, where, resting in safety, he could hear the wild beasts howling as they roamed through the wilderness. Often did he behold their fiery eyes, gleaming with baffled rage, when they came to the foot of the tree among whose foliage he lay concealed. He found a scanty subsistence on eggs, nuts and wild fruit. He dared not jump across creeks for fear of crocodiles, and was often obliged to follow small rivers nearly up to their sources in order to find a suitable crossing place.

“After some time he saw a native, who, when he called to him, ran away in great fright. Some weeks later he came across another native, who, having visited the Dutch settlements of South Africa, had become partly civilized. This person supplied him with a kettle, a hatchet and a tinder box, and told him not to have a fire

after sundown. He also advised him never to sleep on the ground, but always to climb the palm trees. At last, after traveling sixteen weeks through the wilderness, his clothing in tatters and his feet bleeding and sore, he reached the Dutch settlements in Caffraria, south of the Orange River, where were extensive rice plantations cultivated by the negroes. Here he was received with hospitality and remained seven months.

“On his arrival, an old negro woman named Betsey prepared some soup for him, and to express her compassion stood behind him while he was eating and brushed his hair. She also patted his shoulders and blessed him. While among these people he gained their affection and confidence in assisting them in building a boat, of which art they were quite ignorant. When at last he felt desirous of proceeding on his journey through the wilderness towards the Cape of Good Hope, two Englishmen, who were servants on one of the rice plantations, assured him that if he would secrete himself in the day they would conduct him by night to Cape Town. These precautions must have been taken to avoid the hostilities of the natives and the Dutch settlers.


“After some time he reached Cape Town in

safety, and shipped as a hand on board a slaver, named *Portsmouth*, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. But his hopes of reaching home were doomed to disappointment, as, while on the slaver, he was impressed and taken on board an English ship, on which he remained three years. After many vicissitudes he reached Boston, in 1802, and soon proceeded to Portland. It happened that he was obliged to walk from Portland to North Yarmouth, and on reaching his own residence, soon after midnight, he went to the window of the room where his wife slept and knocked. She, supposing that some neighbor was sick, asked, 'Who is there?' upon which he replied, 'It is John Drinkwater.' She recognized the tones of his voice, and, rising at once, gave him a joyful welcome whom she had for seven years mourned as dead.

"The extreme sufferings and privations that he had endured had, however, seriously impaired his health, and he died March 7, 1812, at the early age of forty-seven years. . . . On telling the story of his long years of exile to friends at home, some of them urged him to have an account of his journey in Africa published, and Dr. Thomas Green, then pastor of the Baptist Church, offered to undertake the task, but, for some reason, it was never accomplished."

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRIVATEERSMAN IN DARTMOOR PRISON.

URING the war of 1812-1814, the people of North Yarmouth did a lively business privateering. Masters of sloops and schooners, forced to abandon the coasting trade, asked and were granted letters of marque or reprisal, and sought their fortunes on the high seas. At least seven privateers were owned and sailed by men of North Yarmouth, the schooners *Mary*, *Reaper*, *Isley*, *Pilot* and *Lucy*; the sloops *Razor* and *Satisfaction*, and the brig *Leopard*. In privateering, as in so many early maritime activities, the Drinkwaters were prominent. Phineas Drinkwater was commander of the brig *Leopard*, Joseph Drinkwater was first lieutenant of the brig *Satisfaction*, and Perez Drinkwater was lieutenant of the schooner *Lucy*.

It is this last daring spirit, Perez Drinkwater, Jr., who concerns our story. He was the son of Perez and Keziah Gray Drinkwater, and at the time of this adventure was a young man of some twenty-five years. He lived at Prince's

Point, had married Sally Brown, three years his junior, and had one little girl, Malvina. The schooner *Lucy*, of which he was lieutenant, was commanded by John Babson, was of twenty-five tons burden, and carried one carriage gun and twenty-six men. And now that he has been formally introduced, we will let him tell his own story in extracts from three letters which he wrote home during his confinement in Dartmoor prison.

The first was written to his youngest brother Elbridge, and is dated Saturday morning, May 21, 1814.

“*Dear Brother—*

“I am sorry to have to inform you that I am in this country and have been so this almost four months. We was taken on the thirteenth January by the brig *Billerkin* after a short chase of nine hours and a small resistance with our guns which was to no purpose for she was a brig of twenty guns and one hundred and thirty men. We arrived into Plymouth on the twentieth of January, was put on board the *Brave*, prison ship, on the twenty-third was landed from her on the thirty-first and marched to this place in a snow storm. This prison is situated on one of the highest places in England and it either snows or rains the whole year round and is cold enough to wear a great coat the whole time. There is ten thousand of us here now but the French are about to go home. I shall send this by a Frenchman who will leave here to-morrow for France but I expect it will be a long time before you

receive it as it has got to go by the way of France to get there.

“This is the first time that ever I was deprived of my liberty and when I sit down and think of it, it almost deprives me of my senses for we have nothing else to do but sit and reflect on our present lot, which is bad enough God knows, for we have but one pound and a half of black bread and about three ounces of beef and beef tea and all this makes us but one meal a day, the rest of the time we have to fast which is hard times for the days are very long here.

“Now I want to get out of here before the war is over so that I can have the pleasure of killing one Englishman and drinking his blood which I think I could do with good will for I think them the worst of all the human race for there are no crimes but what they are guilty of. If these rebels are the bulwark of our religion I think I will never have any for I cannot think of being so much like them. For yesterday they called up five hundred Frenchmen to go away; there was one who had been in prison nine years and had worn his blanket out so that he had just half of it to give back and on that account they sent him back and put him on the bottom of the books for exchanging. The man took it so hard he cut his throat and was found dead between the prison doors. And a thousand other such deeds they have been guilty of since we came to this cursed place. . . .

“I have got my head in the lions mouth and must try to get it out as easy as possible for he is a huge creature to deal with and tyrannical when he has got the power in his own hands as he has at present. It is a great misfortune for me to be placed in my present situation but I shall bear it with as much fortitude as I am possessed of for I scorn to complain to these rebels for I would die before I would ask them for a morsel of bread. I hold my head as

high as possible and mean to live through it if possible and return home to see you once more. . . .

“We must hope for the best for the worst comes fast enough. We have plenty of creepers to turn us out in the morning, them and the Englishmen together don’t let us have much peace day or night, for they are both enemies to us and likewise to peace and the more they can torment the human race the better they are pleased . . . I have wrote several letters to you before and shall continue to do so at every opportunity. You must tell Sally to bear her misfortunes with as much fortitude as she can until my return. I must conclude with wishing you all well So God bless you all and be with you for I cannot. From your sincere friend and brother,

PEREZ DRINKWATER, JUNIOR.”

It was in Dartmoor prison that the greatest cruelties were shown the American prisoners. Built during the Napoleonic wars on a high moor, about fifteen miles northeast from Plymouth, its situation and appearance could hardly have been more forbidding. Winter in England is disagreeably cold, even at sea level, but the elevation of the prison of seventeen hundred feet above, and the fact that through the knavery of some of the prison officials the prisoners had been robbed of most of their clothing and were allowed no fires, made nine months of the year almost unbearably cold.

The second letter preserved—though Lieutenant Drinkwater must have written many, only three of which seem to have reached their des-

tinuation—was to his wife. This and the first letter, written to his brother, reached New York and probably North Yarmouth on the same day, December 5th, nearly a year after his confinement in the chilly, dirty, comfortless, foreign prison pen. It is dated Royal Prison, Dartmoor, October 12, 1814.

“Dear Sally—

“It is with regret that I have to inform you of my unhappy situation, that is, confined here in a loathsome prison in which I have worn out almost nine months of my days and God knows how long it will be before I shall get my liberty again. . . . I cheer my drooping spirits by thinking of the happy day when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and my friends, for that and the day that I leave this wretched place will be two of the happiest days I ever expect to see in this world of trouble and sin. This same place is one of the most wretched in this inhabited world. . . . You may take it for granted they have given me a stronger house than ever my father built for me, and well for them it is strong or they would not keep me here long for it is neither wind or water tight. It is situated on the top of a high hill and is so high that it either rains, hails or snows almost the year round. For further particulars of my present unhappy condition, my strong house and of my creeping friends which are without number, I shall refer you to our meeting. . . .

“Sally, I think you are better off where you are than what I am here, therefore I do not let my confinement trouble me so much as what I should if I thought you was so bad off as what I am, but I know that cannot be possible. I am compelled to smuggle this [letter] out of prison for they will not allow us to write to our friends if they

can help it. . . . I left some money with Rotheus which I hope you will get to help along through this world for I can be no help to you at present but I hope when I get out of this place to make up for lost time. I have been without money ever since I have been here. . . . I have weathered here nine months and I think I can go two or three years yet and I am afraid I shall have a chance to try how long I can live here. So I conclude with telling you that I am not alone for there is almost five thousand of us here and creepers one thousand to one. . . . So God bless you all. This from your ever dear and beloved husband.

PEREZ DRINKWATER, JR."

Another winter passed before Lieutenant Drinkwater found his longed-for liberty, on the 9th of April, 1815. A few days before it the brutalities with which the American prisoners were treated reached their climax in the Dartmoor massacre, or "marcichre," as Perez writes it. This last letter is dated the day before he was released.

"Honored Parents—

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I am in good health and my best wishes are that when these few lines come to hand they may find you the same and all my friends. Doubtless you have heard of the marcichre of Dartmoor in which there was seven killed and thirty-eight wounded—it was done on the sixth of this month, the soldiers fired on us when we were all in the yard, about five thousand. They fired on us from all directions and after we was all in the prison they killed a number in the prison. It was one of the most wretched things that ever took place amongst savages, much more amongst people that

are the bulwark of our religion. I had the good fortune to escape their fury but they killed some while begging for mercy after being wounded. They also kicked and mangled the dead right before our faces. Pain Perry of North Yarmouth was one of them that was wounded but not bad. . . .

“I shall leave here tomorrow for London and from there to Crownstadt and from there to Portland in the brig *Albert* of Portland. . . . I shall send my bed and blankets home by Mr. Tucker of Mount Desert, he will leave them at Ilsley’s and Nichols’. You will be careful not to put them in the house till they are well aired. There is a number of men here that belong to Yarmouth, Falmouth, Freeport and Pownal that will inform you of the late massacre at this place. . . . One of our crew was killed in the late massacre, his name was James Mann, two has died beside John Strout belonging to Portland. Tomorrow will be a happy day if I live to see it as I shall get my liberty. Please remember me to my friends and to my wife. I hope that you will assist her until my return which I hope will be in four months. I remain your obedient son,

PEREZ DRINKWATER, JR.”

The butchery referred to took place on the evening of April 6th, 1815. During the day the men had, as was their custom, been passing the time away playing ball. Sometimes the ball would be thrown over the prison walls and a good-natured sentry would toss it back to them. On this day the sentry was cross and gruffly refused to return it. In sport they retorted that if he did not they would dig through and get it themselves. He again refused, and in a

spirit of sport, and perhaps made a little imprudent by the knowledge that peace had existed for several months, the men rushed forward and dug quite a hole by the wall.

About nine in the evening Major Shortland, the commandant, returned from Plymouth, where he had been during the day, drinking freely. The sight of the hole drove him into a drunken fury at what he thought was an attempt to escape. He immediately ordered all the prisoners into the yards and gave orders that the soldiers fire on the mass of defenceless men thus crowded together. His officers refused to give the order, and, not to be thwarted, he gave the word himself to fire. "That the British soldiery abhorred the criminal orders of Shortland," says Maclay, "is evidenced by the fact that a comparatively small number of the men were struck, most of the bullets being aimed high and taking effect on the surrounding walls."

Perez Drinkwater returned safely home, where he rounded out, in company with Sally, the appointed time of man, threescore years and ten.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESCUE OF THE UNICORN.



ON November 8, 1851, Captain Levi Marston was on a voyage from Bordeaux, France, to New York in his brig *Harriet*, and when in mid-ocean encountered a terrific storm and gale. The wind came from all points of the compass, but by scudding under bare poles for many hours the *Harriet* rode out the storm successfully, and at daylight on the morning of the 9th, when in latitude 39° north and longitude 59° west, sighted a ship with colors hoisted in distress. And now we will let Captain Marston tell the story.

“We bore down upon her, and at eight in the forenoon spoke the vessel and found her to be the British emigrant ship *Unicorn* from Liverpool, bound to St. John, New Brunswick, loaded with railroad iron and having on board, all told, three hundred and twenty-five, passengers and crew. She already had seven and one-half feet of water in her hold and needed immediate assistance, as she was sinking rapidly. Moreover, the ship had been dismasted during the forenoon



BRIG HARRIET RESCUING PASSENGERS OF SHIP UNICORN

of the day before, and her cargo having shifted, she listed heavily to starboard.

“We made all haste to the rescue. The *Harriet* ran as close as possible under her port quarter, and the master of the *Unicorn*, Captain Neal, came aboard without delay, and taking the end of our deep-sea line rowed back to the *Unicorn*, and his men commenced hauling in lines of increasing size until at last they got one strong enough to draw on board a nine-inch hawser, ninety fathoms long, which was made fast to the stern post.

“Then throwing the brig topsails aback, and allowing her to drift under the lee of the *Unicorn*, it was possible to launch the boats. Three were forthwith launched and the transfer of the passengers to the *Harriet* began. The sea was exceedingly rough and it was very difficult to make the transfer. As the lifeboats with the passengers came alongside the rescuing vessel, the captain and his crew would quickly grasp them, one at a time, and draw them on board when the waves threw the boats sufficiently high. Among the men, women and children on board the ill-fated ship were fifty-two babies under a year old. These were strapped to their mothers' backs with wide strips of sheeting, a band around their waists and another around

their necks, thus leaving their hands free to help themselves as they might.

“Even in the presence of tragedy there is often a gleam of humor. There was one woman among the emigrants who weighed at least three hundred pounds. Even the captain despaired of landing her in safety, although at the time he was a remarkably powerful man. But when the waves swung the lifeboat up they grasped her by the arms. The wave receded and there she hung, they being unable to lift her over the rail. They held fast, however, until the next wave dashed up, when with its help she was gotten on deck with a suddenness and momentum that buried two of her helpers beneath her enormous bulk. There were six inches of water on the deck, but everyone who came over the rail knelt and thanked God for His preserving providence, and also the captain and his men for their daring rescue.

“Everything went along well so that at three in the afternoon, when the ship *Daniel Webster*, of Boston, came to our assistance, we had all on board but seventy-five. At five o'clock the ship was sinking rapidly, and Captain Neal with the last survivor prepared to abandon the vessel. Our hawser was cast off, and at forty-five minutes past five he boarded the *Harriet* just in

time to see his doomed ship sink beneath the waves. All were saved, but the difficulties met in transferring three hundred and twenty-five persons of every age and sex in open boats from a heavily listed and dismasted ship, through a rough sea in the middle of the ocean, was a task that taxed the resources and skill of the officers of both ships to the utmost.

“Before she left the scene of the disaster, the ship *Daniel Webster* took on board from the overburdened *Harriet* one hundred and three besides the seventy-five her own boats had rescued, making one hundred and seventy-eight in all, and proceeded on her way toward Liverpool, where they were safely landed.

“After the ship went down the *Harriet* proceeded on her way to New York. We had heavy gales of wind for ten days and nights, and provisions and water running very low we were put on short allowance. With only enough to last four days, we fell in with the ship *Star of the West*, of New York, a passenger ship from Liverpool with five hundred and fifty on board, and after being made acquainted with our destitute condition the captain sent his boats and took off one hundred and one of our passengers, leaving still forty-six in our care. But for the timely arrival of this good ship and the number

transferred, we should have soon been reduced to a starving condition, as we were subsisting on a bit of bread and a swallow of water twice a day. The suffering from parched lips and swollen tongues was intense.

“The *Harriet* arrived in New York November 27th, the *Star of the West* four days before. Thus we were able, under the providence of God, to complete our voyage from Bordeaux, France, to New York, delivering our cargo in safety, and having been the means of saving three hundred and twenty-five fellow creatures from a watery grave. One hundred and forty-seven passengers were on board the *Harriet* from November 9th to November 19th, and forty-six from November 19th to November 27th, the date of our arrival in New York.”

Many letters were afterward received from the rescued passengers, all of whom in due time reached their destination in safety. These were filled with expressions of gratitude to Captain Marston, the noble, self-sacrificing shipmaster. The Vice Consul, who, in the absence of the Consul was Her Majesty's representative at the port of New York, wrote a lengthy letter of approval. He said in part:

“Nor is the kindness and consideration which you subsequently displayed, in alleviating as far as your limited



QUEEN VICTORIA MEDAL
PRESENTED CAPT. LEVI MARSTON

resources and the small size of your vessel would permit the sufferings of these unfortunate creatures, less worthy of commendation. It is a bright instance of humanity tempered with sound judgment and reflects equal credit upon your head and heart. I shall not fail to bring the facts of your noble conduct before the proper department of Her Majesty's government. Meantime I beg of you to believe me with every sentiment of personal esteem and regard, Sir,

Your very obedient and humble servant,

ROBERT BUNCH,


H. B. M. Vice Consul, in charge H. M. Consulate.

On their arrival in New York all the passengers were taken under the care of the British Consulate, as they were all British subjects, and later Victoria, Queen of England, took cognizance of this brave act of Captain Marston, in saving the lives of so many, and presented him with a gold medal.

This medal, a highly prized possession of the descendants of the captain, is of pure gold, two inches in diameter and about one-eighth of an inch thick. On one side is engraved the bust of the Queen in high relief, surrounded by the words, "Victoria D: G: Britanniarum Regina F: D:" On the reverse are the words in the center, "From the British Government to Captain Levi Marston of the United States Brig Harriet," and around the edge, "For saving part of the passengers and crew of the Ship Unicorn. Nov: 1851."

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ABBY BARKER.

HE wild rush to the gold fields of California, in 1849, was accompanied by many a tragedy, but none was more terrible than that of the *Abby Barker*. A Yarmouth ship, with a Yarmouth captain, and carrying with it almost every member of one of Yarmouth's most prominent families, perished with but one survivor, a young lad of eleven, to tell the tale.

Timothy Pratt, the eldest son of Master David Pratt, who was the first shipbuilder of any size in North Yarmouth, like almost all of his family, "had salt in his blood," and began early to follow the sea, rising to the rank of captain. When at home, he had his home at what is now Yarmouthville, in a cottage which stood a few houses above where Hillside Street comes down over the hill from the old Baptist church. About 1848, this cottage was burned, and just about this time the rumors of the discovery of gold in California reached the east, and hearing of the golden opportunities in the West, Captain Pratt decided to go there, taking with him his

whole family, as far as possible. Taking one of his father's vessels, the *Abby Barker*, a bark of two hundred and fifty-nine tons, built nine years before, he loaded her with house frames, cut and fitted, and ready to be put together quickly, and which would find a ready sale.

Captain Timothy took command of the little bark, with Timothy Augustus Pratt, his eldest son, as first mate, and his second son, Enos, as second. His eldest son, commonly known as Augustus Pratt, was, at the time he was called home to go in the *Abby Barker*, a student in Bowdoin College, and a young man of much promise. The files of the *Portland Transcript*, during the years of the latter forties, have many contributions from his poetical pen in its columns. Just before this time, he began what he entitled a "Maineade," telling the history of the state in verse, but had only finished two or three cantos of it. William and Henry, twins eleven years of age, the mother, "a beautiful woman with black eyes and hair," before her marriage Jane Chandler, of Freeport, with a few seamen, made up the company that sailed down Royall's River full of hope and anticipation. Three members of the family only were left behind, Jane, the only daughter, who was put in boarding school, Franklin, who was left with the

Thomas family, who lived next door to the old home at Yarmouthville, and who were very fond of the lad, and after the tragedy adopted him, and Edward C., the third son.

It was not the custom for sailing vessels to try to pass the Strait of Magellan, but in order to save time Captain Timothy made the attempt and spent eighty harrowing days becalmed in these waters. To add to the discomfort and anxiety, the *Abby Barker* was becoming short of provisions and water. The captain, oppressed by this delay and anxious for his family, soon after they got clear of the strait and were sailing up the west coast of South America, fell sick and dropped dead on the deck. They were then opposite San Luis Obispo, and the sailors, taking the body in a boat, rowed ashore and buried it on an island near the latter place, and about one hundred miles south of San Francisco.

Timothy Augustus took command of the ship and succeeded in bringing her into Sacramento Bay. Here the cholera broke out, and the sailors, taking all they could lay their hands on, deserted the ship and disappeared. Augustus took the cholera and died, and was shortly followed by Enos and William, one of the twins. The mother, either from the disease or broken-hearted from the loss of almost all of her family,


next succumbed, leaving only Henry, a little boy of eleven years. All that the family at home ever had to tell them of these days of tragedy was an unfinished letter, commenced by Augustus to his aunt, Susan Dunham, in which he wrote, "Already the ravages of this dread disease are upon us."

As good fortune would have it, Captain Talbot, of Freeport, happened to put into the harbor of Sacramento, and knowing the *Abby Barker*, went on board, finding, to his horror, the dead bodies of William and Mrs. Pratt, with Henry the only survivor. Burying the dead, he took Henry with him, and after two years—for Captain Talbot's voyage was a long one—brought him home. The bark *Abby Barker* disappeared, no one knows where, but was probably taken for salvage.



CHAPTER XI.

THE MUTINY ON THE BARK GLENN.

EARLY in the year 1849, during the height of the gold fever in California, the bark *Glenn* sailed from Freeport, with a cargo of building material, for San Francisco. Though of only two hundred and eighty tons burden, this little square-rigged ship was not then thought to be too small for the tempestuous voyage around the Horn. In command was Captain Charles Small, of Yarmouth, then a young man of thirty-four years, tall—six feet and one inch in height—and described as one of the most powerful and active of men and as fearless as he was strong.

After a fairly good passage of one hundred and seventy days, he reached San Francisco, discharged his cargo, and sailing “light” to Iquique, on the east coast of South America, took on a consignment of copper ore for New York. This was a very valuable cargo, the estimated worth of which was more than \$300,000. To fit out for the long voyage home, the *Glenn* put into the harbor of Valparaiso, Chile. Here,

also, a new crew was taken on, including a new cook.

Hardly a day out of port, all of the officers were taken violently ill after eating, but after a short sickness recovered. Two days later, however, on the night of the 17th of September, 1850, all the crew except three seamen mutinied. Captain Small and his officers rushed below in an attempt to secure their arms, but found that all, even the captain's pistols, which he kept in his stateroom, had been removed. Hurrying back to the deck, they found it in control of the mutineers, who faced them armed with loaded muskets. Only that the powder was damp, with which they were loaded, saved their lives, but Mr. Havens, the second mate, received a musket-ball wound so severe that in a few hours he died. A fierce fight ensued, the captain and his first mate, George Waite, of Freeport, facing the crew of desperadoes bent on butchery and murder.

Against such odds, it was not long before Waite was so severely injured that he was rendered helpless, and Captain Small was left alone in the fearfully unequal conflict. With wonderful bravery and courage, however, he succeeded in overpowering the mutinous crew, and single-handed placed the most rebellious in irons.

Thus having regained command of his ship, the *Glenn* was put about and with the help of one man worked by the captain back to Valparaiso, where the mutineers were turned over to the United States Consul, who shipped them to New York by the ship-of-war *Supply*.

During the trial of these mutineers for piracy, after the *Glenn* had arrived in New York, in 1851, the whole story of the conspiracy was told by one of their number, who, to save himself, turned state's evidence. The seamen, having heard that all of the freight money had been paid and was aboard, had, even before they shipped, plotted to murder the officers and take the ship. The cook was taken into cahoots, and their first attempt was made by poisoning the food. This having failed, the cook had stolen the arms from the cabin, not thinking the captain and his officers would or could resist them so prepared.


Two of the mutineers were found guilty and executed. The papers of the time told the story and highly praised Captain Small and his officers, while the underwriters of New York, Philadelphia and Boston presented him with a check of \$1,500, being unwilling that "such bravery and courage should go unnoticed"; \$500 each was presented to the first mate and

to the mother of Mr. Havens, the murdered second mate. Captain Small only sailed one other voyage, for the state of his health, as a result of what he himself termed "that ill-fated night," obliged him soon after to retire altogether from the seas.



CHAPTER XII.

THE LAFAYETTE AND THE ALABAMA.

O Captain Alfred T. Small, of Yarmouth, belongs the unique experience and reputation of having been captured by Captain Raphael Semmes, the famous piratical captain of the confederate cruiser *Alabama*. This craft of international reputation was built at Liverpool by an English firm expressly for the Southern Confederacy, and, against the urgent remonstrances of the United States minister, was allowed to escape to the open seas by the English government, with the result that in less than two years she destroyed over \$10,000,000 worth of United States property.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Captain Small was in command of the *Lafayette*, a splendid ship of eleven hundred and sixty tons burden, which had been built four years before by Soule Brothers (Captains Enos, Henschman S. and Clement H.) of South Freeport. Early in October of 1862, when three days out from New York bound for Belfast, Ireland, the *Lafayette*

was overhauled near Seal Island, in the Bay of Fundy, by the rebel ship *Alabama*, which fired a shot across her bow and compelled her to heave to.

A boat was put off from the *Alabama* and an officer came aboard the *Lafayette* to examine her papers. The cargo was on an English account, and ordinarily would have saved the vessel, but the officer expressed himself as puzzled and ordered Captain Small to go with him to the *Alabama* to get Semmes' judgment in the case. They shortly came before the rebel commander. Describing him in after years, the captain said: "Semmes was an ordinary looking man. He wore a heavy mustache, which he always twisted up at the ends in a rather foppish manner. He was haughty in his bearing and was undoubtedly a good navigator and commander. Before the war he had been master of the *Sommers*, a government war vessel, and had been cashiered for losing his ship and the entire crew in a squall. This made him particularly sour against the North and explains much of his cruel conduct during the war."

On having the case laid before him, Semmes wasted neither time nor words, but at once declared that it was a bad mess and he should burn the *Lafayette*. He directed another officer

to take the captain back to his ship to take off the crew and get his personal belongings. It was a hard blow, but there was no way of avoiding it. As soon as the crew had gotten their clothing together, the men from the *Alabama* pulled the beds out of the forecastle, and, pouring oil on them, set them on fire, and it was but a short time before the noble ship was wrapped in flame.

Captain Small and the crew were taken to the *Alabama* and put in irons. The crews of two other American ships, the bark *Lamplighter* and the schooner *Crenshaw*, taken the day before, were on board, and quarters were rather crowded. The food was plenty and good, but the men were obliged to sleep at night crowded together on a grating over a hot furnace.

This continued about a week, when Semmes captured the brig *Baron De Castine*, bound from Castine, Maine, to Cuba, loaded with lumber. When her crew was taken off there were between sixty and seventy prisoners, and it was necessary to do something with them, so, instead of burning the *Castine*, Semmes bonded it, engaged the captain to take the prisoners to New York and took their parole not to engage in war against the South.


Subsequently Captain Small and the owners

received full indemnity from the government. It took thirteen and one-half years to settle the matter, and then the English government paid \$140,000, with four per cent. interest for the time since the *Lafayette* had been destroyed.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRECK OF THE RAINIER.

 AN interesting tale is that of the wreck of the *Rainier* among the South Sea Islands, in January, 1884. Omar J. Humphrey, of Yarmouth, was the first mate of the ill-fated craft, and a few years after told the story of the wreck, life among the savages, and the rescue in a fascinating little volume, from which we have drawn our shorter account, using, as far as possible, the language of the sailor who tells it.

The *Rainier*, a fine ship of two thousand tons burden, was launched from the Sewall yards in Bath early in 1883, and proceeded shortly to Philadelphia, thence to take her first cargo, coal oil, to the port of Kobe, Japan. Her commander was Captain Morrison, of Bath, whose daughter had but recently been married to Mr. Humphrey, the first mate, and the trip was to be made by her in company with her husband and father. In honor of the event, the cabin had been handsomely fitted up for the bridal party, and even provided with a fine piano, the gift of the bride's parents.

Prospects were bright for a happy voyage when, on the 12th of August, the canvas was spread and the ship passed down the Delaware, and turned south on her maiden voyage. The equator was passed some thirty-five days out, and urged on by the southwest trades, and later by the strong west winds of the southern seas, the turning point was duly reached, and the *Rainier* was headed westward for the long straight run of six thousand miles across the ocean. Hurried along by the strong westerly gales, forty-five hundred miles were covered in twenty days, and the prospects were good for a quick passage, but when the tropics were reached the wind died out, and hardly a mile was made during the next twenty days. On January 3rd, however, a fresh breeze sprang up, with prospect of fine weather. Every heart was cheerful, for the captain had announced that, clear of all the islands, there was nothing else to trouble them until the shores of Japan hove in sight, and with average luck, two weeks would find them safely anchored in the harbor of Kobe.

The night of the 3rd of January was dark, the moon having set early. Two men were sent to the topgallant forecastle as lookouts, and the *Rainier* was scudding along under a heavy press

of canvas. The captain, coming from below, had joined Mr. Humphrey, whose watch it was, and together they were standing on the weather side of the ship, when one said to the other, "That white ridge ahead looks like breakers." Hardly had he spoken, when the lookouts' cry was heard, "Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!"

It was a terrible cry, and one that brought every man in the ship to the deck. The captain gave the order to the wheelman, "Hard-a-star-board." The first and third officers jumped to let go the port braces, but it was too late. The ship was in the midst of the breakers, and with a heavy crash struck on a coral reef. The yards were braced back, with the hope that, with the help of anchors and hawsers out astern, she might back off, but the trip hammer blows of the heavy seas were crashing in the timbers of the stern, and with the waves rolling aboard, it was easy to see that the *Rainier* was a doomed ship.

Without delay and without confusion, the crew worked for their lives. The lazarette was emptied, and the provisions brought to the more protected fore part of the ship, the boats drawn forward so that they might not be injured by falling spars. Mrs. Humphrey, with the utmost coolness and presence of mind, had done

her bit by collecting the clothing and personal belongings of herself, her husband and father, and all hands, thirty-three in all, gathered in the bow, to wait for daylight and see what chance there was of life.

Dismal indeed was the scene that the morning light revealed. As far as the eye could reach was a seething line of breakers, with a few knolls of land in the far distance. But a chill of greater terror than that caused by the wild waters struck to the hearts of all, when they noted the near approach of a fleet of canoes, swarming with dusky-skinned savages, who, making fast to the coral of the reef, approached up the inside of the surf line—for the reef was but a few inches submerged at low tide—with most horrible yells and gestures.

After long gesticulation, two allowed themselves to be drawn aboard, and on being given pipes and tobacco by the sailors, showed themselves more friendly. This point of contact being established, the others swarmed on deck, and were likewise fitted out. While this was taking place the captain and crew had rigged a lifeboat, by means of which passage was safely had through the reef into the more quiet waters of the lagoon, and the boats were loaded with what provisions and clothing they could carry.

Night was approaching, and the situation was yet perilous. The king, however, after some meditation, gave orders that the huge mat sails of the canoes should be set, and taking the captain's boat in tow himself, the other canoes the rest of the boats, all were soon speeding toward an island, the dim outlines of which were seen in the distance. It proved to be Ugea, an island of the Marshall Group, rising only about two feet above the Pacific, and in area but three-quarters of a mile by one-quarter, a mere speck in the vast expanse of waters, but to the anxious eyes of the shipwrecked crew, it seemed a tropical paradise.

On landing, the king led the way to a small house, about twenty by fourteen feet in size, which the captain, Mrs. Humphrey and the ship's officers took as their abode, while the sailors camped down outside for the night, ready to jump up and fight for their lives at any alarm. Later each man had built for him, by a native whom he hired, a small hut, such as were used by the natives themselves. Supper in the form of several baskets of cocoanuts was sent by the king.

The first night on the island was passed in anxiety, and all hands were astir at an early hour the following morning. Fears were allayed,

however, when the natives appeared, bringing abundant supplies of food—cocoanuts, pandanas, and bread fruit—which they traded for clothing and other small articles. The twelve rifles which had been brought from the wreck were, nevertheless, kept loaded and at hand, and this fact made known to the natives, that the moral effect might in itself be a protection.

After some consultation it was decided that the first thing to be done was to get in communication with a trading post, from which aid might be sent, or at least word got back to civilization of their plight and a rescue party dispatched. Several trips had been made to the wreck, and before she finally broke up and the remnants were burned by the savages, a considerable quantity of provisions and other useful material brought to the island. About a week after the disaster, the long boat, fitted up for service in the open sea, manned by a volunteer crew of six and in charge of the second officer, W. H. Dhrone, sailed out into the broad Pacific, with their objective the island of Oulan, about three hundred miles distant. There was little room to spare in their craft, as every nook and corner was needed for the supply of provisions, especially as water had to be provided by an abundance of cocoanuts, whose milk was the

only substitute for that necessity, but whose bulk was enormous. Captain Kingston has told no more harrowing tale of suffering than might be told of the brave little crew in the long boat of the *Rainier*. A few days out they capsized, spoiling all their provisions and wetting the cocoanuts so that they soon rotted and were unfit for use. Sickness set in, resulting in madness, the men were reduced to skeletons, and it was only a few hours that any could have survived had they not been picked up by the British bark *Catalina*.

Meanwhile, on the island a second venture had been planned. With an old bread fruit tree trunk, that had drifted ashore, as a keel, with planking and spikes brought from the wreck, ten miles away, and above all with a plentiful supply of Yankee ingenuity and pluck, a schooner forty-one feet long was constructed, and on St. Patrick's Day the *Ugea*, as she was christened, sailed out of the lagoon, commanded by the captain, accompanied by one of the ship's boys, Will Jackson, a Bath, Maine, lad, thirteen of the crew, the king's son, Lija Bucho, and other natives. The captain had suffered partial paralysis, losing his speech and becoming numb in his hands and legs, and it was imperative that he be gotten to some place where he might



SCHOONER MATTIE J. ALLES
HUTCHINS & STUBBS YARD—1883

have care and medicine. The schooner sailed on Monday, and on Saturday the *Ugea* arrived at the island of Jaluit, where a trading post was found and an American consular station represented by a German named Pfeiffer, a surly Dutchman, who gave the unfortunate ones but scant welcome and hindered rather than helped them in their dire need.

Although among civilized beings, they soon realized that their troubles were not at an end, and Will Jackson, finding that pleadings were of no avail and no aid seemed to be forthcoming, sailed in a trading ship, the *Lotus*, to the island of a certain King John, to whom the little yacht belonged, and after many disheartening adventures succeeded in hiring her and returning to *Ugea* to attempt the rescue of the party there.

The king of *Ugea* had told the crew a queer story of why he came to their rescue on the night of the wreck. "Libogen," a spirit of whom he stood much in awe, had told him of the plight of the "big canoe" and bade him to go to the rescue, at the same time warning him to be good to the "white Kanakas," as they "belonged to Libogen." Mr. Humphrey expressed a desire to speak with Libogen himself if she came again. Life had now become almost intol-

erable on the island. Nearly all the clothes possessed by the company had been given the natives for food, and now that cocoanuts must be furnished without pay the savages were not so friendly. Plans were being made to fit out the smaller boats and risk all in a desperate attempt to reach civilization, when one night in early April the king sent word that Libogen had come again and would speak to the mate, Mr. Humphrey. Through the king Mr. Humphrey asked what had become of the second mate and the captain. Libogen replied that the second mate had been picked up near the island of Pornipette, and that Captain Morrison had arrived in the schooner at Jaluit, but was sick and could not come; moreover, in two weeks a "big schooner" would come with the second mate, and all who remained on the island would be rescued.

An anxious two weeks was passed. On Saturday night, the 12th of April, a gun was heard by the waiting ones on the island. When the next morning the thick fog lifted, a joyous shout arose from one after another of the men posted as watchers up and down the island, "Sail, ho! Sail, ho!" Libogen had told the truth. It was the American man-of-war *Essex* to the rescue of the crew of the *Rainier*. A glad Easter Sabbath it was to the crew, after their exile of over

three months on the island among the savages, with its indescribable anxiety and discomforts, to find themselves once more safe among friends and on their way back to civilization. Proceeding to Jaluit, the captain was taken on, and the company returned to America through Yokohama, Japan, landing in San Francisco on May 4th.



CHAPTER XIV.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

BORN when shipbuilding was in its flower in his native town, his earliest lullabies the clip, clip of the fasteners' mallets, his boyhood playground the chip-strewn yards on Royall's River, doing a man's work and getting a man's wages in his earlier teens, preparing the seams as the helper of the second best caulker in Maine, his cousin, Henry Gooding, it is no wonder that Captain William H. Gooding cast off from shore at the early age of nineteen, and made his first voyage, a deep sea voyage at that, on the ship *Benjamin Webster*, from Portland to Belfast, Ireland. Born of a family of well-known master mariners, with a grandfather and uncle who had commanded some of the finest of the Yankee ships in their day, he naturally took to a sailor's life, and nine years after this first voyage, at the age of twenty-eight, he became master.

His first command was a Yarmouth built vessel, the *Tewksbury L. Sweat*, a bark of five hun-

dred and fifty tons, launched from the Hutchins & Stubbs yard in 1874. It was after he had been master of this bark some years that he was wrecked in the South Pacific, and being cast away on one of the most savage islands of the Caroline group, had as thrilling an experience as ever has been told in stories of the romance and adventure of the sea. We cannot do better than let Captain Gooding tell the tale, as nearly as we may, in his own words.

“It was the year 1889. We had sailed in the *Tewksbury L. Sweat* from Newcastle, Australia, loaded with coal for Hong Kong, and were about one month on the voyage when we were caught in a terrific storm, now a matter of history, for it was the same typhoon that piled the United States warships upon the shore of the Samoan Islands. It was a hurricane such as is experienced on no sea except the South Pacific. No one can conceive an idea of what a storm is like unless he has seen one in that latitude, and if he is fortunate enough to live through it, the memory of it will never leave him.

“The wind was terrible, and for two days and a night we ran before it under bare poles. We had corrected our chronometer at a little island before the hurricane came upon us, and had laid our course through the clustering

islands to give ourselves plenty of room, until we got far enough to the north to be able to turn and steer a straight course for our destination. The currents, however, were so changed by the storm that it was impossible to reckon on them, while the charts, being founded on a Spanish survey, were, as we later learned to our sorrow, unreliable, and we found ourselves among rocks and reefs, threatening us from all sides.

“Just about midnight of the second day of the storm, which, by the way, was the 9th of April, as I had gone below to consult my charts we struck on a coral reef, the *Susanne*, as we afterwards discovered. The sternpost was the first to receive the shock, and I realized instantly that we were hung up and that a sad experience awaited us. It was pitch-dark and the great waves were constantly rolling over us. We first attempted to launch a sailboat that I had carried on former voyages, when my wife had been with me, but in doing this she lurched over in such a manner as to break a hole in her, and we were forced to take to the sixteen-foot boat, and this with great difficulty, because of the rolling vessel and the constant danger of falling masts and spars. However, at last it was accomplished, and we managed to get the

whole crew, ten men in all, over the side and safely into her.

“While we were getting the boat into the water, I sent the steward to collect what canned food he could, and to get the compass out of the binnacle. The compass he got, but the bag of tinned stuff which he had got together was washed overboard while he was after the compass, and when we took account of stock, after getting into the boat, we found we were entirely without food, with the exception of a can of tinned cheese, which I threw overboard as soon as I found it, well knowing the intense thirst it would create in anyone who should attempt to eat it. But we had the compass, and also the chart, which I had taken along, and which is now in my possession, the only material memento of this terrible experience. We lay by during the night as well as we could, and with the first break of day strained our eyes to see what remained of the *Tewksbury L. Sweat*, but all we could discover was but a tiny last fragment of the vessel, for the bark had been completely pounded to pieces on the reef during the night.

“At sunup we studied the horizon, but no island was in sight, for they are but low-lying coral reefs, and not visible at any considerable

distance. I surmised we were among the Caroline group, and after pulling laboriously we at last sighted one, which we found to be Požoat. The wind had by this time subsided but the sea was running high, and we were so heavily loaded that we made headway very slowly, and with great difficulty, so that it was only after a long and perilous pull that we reached the shore. This island was inhabited by savages, the most of whom had never seen a white man. As we drew near the beach they saw us, and fifteen canoes, filled with people, put out to meet us. I would have put to sea again had it been possible, but with no provisions and not daring to brave the heavy sea in the little sixteen-foot boat, we decided to stick it out with the savages.

“In less time than it takes to tell it we were surrounded by dark-skinned men, armed with spears, knives and other native weapons. Their canoes were fitted with outriggers, that made them practically unsinkable, and thinking that this was true of us also, as they came alongside they began to jump into our already overloaded boat, and I saw that unless this could be stopped we should quickly be swamped, which event I realized meant far more to us than to them, for they could all swim like ducks. In fact, they had, many of them, leaped from their canoes

and, holding ugly looking knives between their teeth, were swimming around our boat. Getting the attention of the man who seemed to be their chief, I expressed our danger to him as well as I could by gestures and signs, pointing to the little space that our boat rose above the water, until at last he understood and stopped any others coming aboard us.

“When we reached the beach the natives took from us all our coats and shirts and put them on themselves, but as yet offered us no personal harm. Presently we were escorted from the shore to their village in the interior of the island. Here fully a hundred of their women, almost naked, and painted a hideous yellow and other glaring colors, and armed with spears, leaped and danced on either side of us, singing a weird incantation or chantey. I had read, as a boy, tales of shipwrecked mariners being made to run the gauntlet of savage spears, and supposed that this was what we were up against, but to our relief we were all allowed to pass through unharmed. Of course we could not tell what they meant to do with us and so made the best of an embarrassing situation. I tried to talk with the giant black who seemed to be their chief, but with little success. We were to them a regular circus, and all, even the children,

came to have a look at us. After the dance we were led to a large grass hut, with no sides but just a roof, under which they drew up their canoes to protect them from the sun, and here were furnished with bread fruit and cocoanuts.

“I told my men to keep close together, avoiding wandering off alone lest they come to harm. The next day a savage, who proved to be the chief of the tribe, arrived, accompanied by a retinue of assistant chiefs. They brought us more food, but when we tried to leave the hut they thrust us back and made us understand that it would be better for us if we did not undertake to leave its shelter. That night they gathered around a fire in the center of the village and performed some sort of a ceremonial dance, after which the chief addressed them, seemingly talking about us. We had an uneasy, creepy feeling that they were discussing what should be done with us, and could not but wonder whether they would roast us on a stake, boil us in a pot or what would be our fate.

“That night we divided our company into watches, and day and night one man was ever on guard, for we feared they might swoop down on us at any time unexpectedly. Stories of cannibalism and other atrocities were recalled and told by those of us who had sailed these

southern seas, and as a result the nights were not particularly pleasant, and we were always glad when the sun appeared in the morning. Days passed, and while we were given more than enough to eat, we were constantly worried by the appearance of things about us, for we could not but feel that we were being fattened for some feast which our captors perhaps had in mind for some later date.

“From words that the natives dropped I suspected that on some one of the islands there was a white man and determined to attempt to get in touch with him. Finding the natives about to go to an island to the south, I wrote on a piece of bark, with a pencil that the steward fortunately had about him, a message, and giving the chip to a native repeated the phrase that had been heard on their lips, ‘belonga Charlie.’ He took it, and when they returned, three days later, a new man came with them. In dress and appearance he did not differ from the savages, but he spoke good English. When I asked him how he had happened to understand the language, he told me that he had been born in England, that his name was Charles Irons, and that being left on the island by a schooner which was collecting copra, and which had never returned to take him off, he had been adopted

by the savages as a member of the tribe. He said he had been tanned by exposure to the sun and had taken up the islanders' custom of anointing himself with cocoanut oil, which accounted for his resemblance to the other tribesmen. He told us we need not fear for our lives, but said that the chief did not intend that we should escape. The chief, he explained, looked upon us as a valuable asset, thinking that some whaling ship, short of men, might chance to call at the island, to whom he would trade us off for such things as his people wanted, or that a war vessel, searching for us, might come, from which he would receive presents, as he expressed it, 'big guns come, give knives, calico, tobacco.'

"Weeks dragged by and we became very discouraged, doubting if we should ever leave the island alive. My men became uneasy and threatened to make trouble. While they were allowed to wander about the village at times, they were always followed by a guard wherever they went. With increasing anxiety we watched the horizon for some sailing craft or steamer that would offer us the means of escape, but all to no avail.

"After turning the matter over and over in my mind, I came to the conclusion that the Englishman, Charles Irons, was our only hope of salvation. When I talked with him, however,

he did not give me much encouragement. He had no personal desire to leave the island. He said he enjoyed the life he was leading—the women did all the work, the climate was ideal, there was always enough to eat and occasionally something to drink. He did not have a worry in the world. There was nothing to gain in going home to civilization, he declared, and in fact much to lose. He had come to like the indolent life, free from all care, and would not abandon it for all London had to offer. He would, however, assist us in getting away if possible.

“To this end Irons first tried to work upon the fears of the big chief of the tribe. He told him that we would, undoubtedly, be hunted up by some United States warship, and when it should arrive and we Americans were found penned up in captivity the ‘big guns’ would not ‘give knives, calico, tobacco,’ but we would be freed by force and he and his tribesmen punished, perhaps with death. At first the chief refused obstinately to let us go. Finally, owing to the good offices of Irons, he consented that I should take the sixteen-foot boat in which we had come ashore and, with the second mate and one man, try to reach the island of Truk, one of the Hogolu group, where there was a Congregational mission station.

“We started north, sailing from island to island, but when we came to the island of Ollap we found that it would be impossible to go the one hundred and fifty miles to Truk in the small boat, and through Irons, who accompanied us, a trade was made with the natives to take us the remainder of the distance in their larger and more seaworthy boat. This they promised to do for a liberal supply of tobacco, knives and calico, but insisted that they should not start until their gods, by a form of divination which they practiced, should assure them a safe voyage. There grew on the island a long, rather broad leaf, like our corn leaf, and this they took and tore in three strips, and when these were knotted together the number of knots thus made, by coming odd or even, gave them the omen by which they could presage the success or failure of a voyage started on that day.

“We waited here for three days before all things were auspicious for the start, and at each stopping place the same process was repeated, with the result that we were forty-two days in getting the one hundred and fifty miles to Truk. Here we found the mission, with Mr. Snelling in charge. Those at the station could hardly believe our story. We were told that the island Pozoat, on which we had been cap-

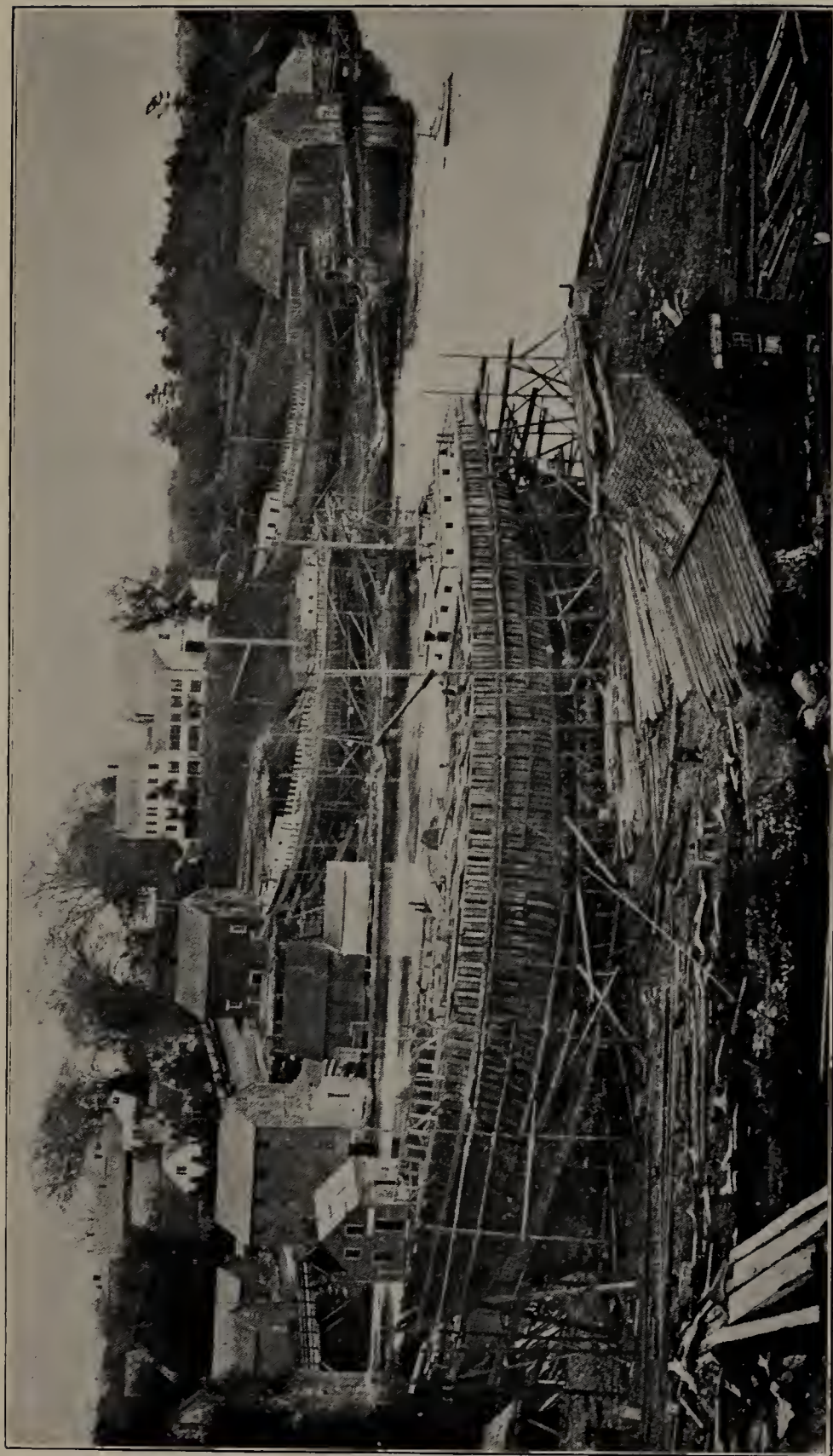
tive, was one of the worst of the group, and the natives had killed many people who had landed there. Had we had on board any provisions, or had there been a woman with us, nothing would have saved our lives. The missionaries readily offered to help us and the next day fitted up a large boat, and with one of them along to act as an interpreter, we put back to the island to rescue the seven who had been left behind.

“Arriving at the island, we found the chief not inclined to let the rest of the crew go and had to depend on the good offices of Mr. Hunt, the missionary who had accompanied us, and who could speak the language, to persuade him. Providence, coupled with the wit of the interpreter, here came to our assistance. Learning that the men had all been sick while we were away, he played on the fears of the chief by telling him that they would likely be sick again and perhaps some of them die, and when the ‘big guns,’ on which he depended for reward, should come, instead of gifts, their island and village would be blown off the face of the ocean because they had caused the death of the sailors. Thinking this over a little, he decided that it might be right and our full company were again reunited.

“Returning to Truk, we learned that the

barkentine *Morning Star*, which brought supplies to the islands, and on which we had depended to get us back to civilization, had not as yet arrived, and, in fact, was so much overdue that the missionaries feared that she had been sunk in the same storm from which we had escaped. There was nothing for us to do but to take the larger boat from the mission and make our way as best we could the four hundred and fifty miles to the island of Ponipa, where was another mission station and a Spanish governor, and at which a war vessel would sometimes call.

“We loaded the boat with as much provision as we could—cocoanuts and bread fruit for food and fresh water in large casks, which we planned to use as ballast, and when emptied of fresh to fill with salt water for the same purpose. Thus we set forth, but when we had covered only one hundred and fifty miles we found that our bread fruit was becoming maggoty, and I, for one, had to wait till night fell, and I could not see what I was eating, to get it down at all. We were forced to turn to the south and came to the Motlocks, where we found a French trader and native missionary, who generously divided their supplies with us, and by their help we arrived at Ponipa in about four days.



JAMES ROTHWELL

APPHIA AND AMELIA

ETHEL M. DAVIS

HUTCHINS & STUBBS AND LORING YARDS—1884

“Here I first went to the Spanish governor, but received no help from him. He told me that there would be a warship from the island to Manila in about six months, but when I asked him on what my men and myself were to live in the meantime, he replied that his government made no provision for the needs of shipwrecked sailors. From him we went to the missionary, a Mr. Doan, who had been on the island for forty years and had made a translation of the Bible into the native language. I came up to his house just at sunrise and found him outside studying a vessel that was just coming in. This proved to be the long delayed *Morning Star*. On board her we were taken to Honolulu and in due time arrived in San Francisco.

“To Captain Garland, of the *Morning Star*, I gave my compass taken on that frightful night of April 9th from the binnacle of the *Tewksbury L. Sweat*. At one of the islands we took on board two young women, teachers in some of the native schools, who had become sick and were being hurried to Honolulu for proper medical attendance. Some years later, one of these came to Yarmouth and spoke at a missionary meeting in the First Parish Church. The other married Captain Garland, of the *Morning Star*.

“We had long been given up for dead. The insurance companies had offered to pay my wife my insurance, but she had steadfastly refused to receive it, declaring that she was sure that I was still alive and would return home to her, our daughter Louise, and to our little son William, whom I had never seen. After returning to Yarmouth I told of Charles Irons, and some months later received a letter from London, making inquiries about him. The writer said that the Englishman was undoubtedly his brother, who had been given up for dead for years, it being supposed that he was lost in the South Seas.”



CHAPTER XV.

A LIST OF YARMOUTH BUILT VESSELS.

Abbreviations: Sp., ship; Bk., bark; Bkne., barkentine; Bg., brig; Bgne., brigantine; Sc., schooner; Sl., sloop. Gross tonnage given.

Rig	NAME	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Sc.	Abbie	333	1863	Joseph Seabury
Bg.	Abbie C. Titcomb	418	1863	Joseph Seabury
Bk.	Abby Barker	259	1840	David Pratt
Sp.	Anna Blanchard	612	1852	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	Abyia		1863	Giles Loring
Bg.	Ada L. White	505	1876	Giles Loring
Bk.	A. G. Hill			
Sp.	Admiral	2209	1875	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Adna	186	1839	John Gooding
Sc.	Advance	85	1844	David Pratt
Bk.	Agenora		1848	Baker & Webster
Bg.	Agenora	450	1860	Giles Loring
Bk.	Aid	412	1863	Joseph Gooding
Sc.	Aid	155	1860	
Sc.	Albion	128	1839	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Alford	200	1841	John Gooding
Bg.	Algernon	451	1866	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Alice Kelley	821	1865	Giles Loring
Sp.	Alice Venard	989	1860	Giles Loring
Sl.	Alletta L. Hamilton	97	1873	Lorenzo Hamilton
Sc.	Amazon			
Bg.	Amanar	168	1837	John Gooding
Bg.	America	233	1840	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Amon	156	1845	John Gooding
Sc.	Ann	169	1825	

Rig	NAME.	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Sp.	Anna	1077	1865	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Anna Maria	116	1837	David Pratt
Sl.	Annie May	43	1868	Lyman Walker
Bg.	Ann M. Knight	395	1866	Albion Seabury
Sc.	Apphia and Amelia	250	1884	Loring & Cobb
Sc.	Arcadia			Joseph Seabury
Bk.	Archimedes	291	1844	Seabury & Dunham
Bg.	Architect	163	1833	Ralph Kelley
Sc.	Arcot	146	1831	John Gooding
Bg.	Ashler	265	1861	Lyman Walker
Bg.	Augusta	199	1835	Jonas Mitchell
Sp.	Ben Bolt	709	1854	Hutchins & Allen
Sp.	Bertha	955	1865	Hutchins & Allen
Sl.	Betsey		1796	
Sp.	Blanchard	387	1842	Seabury & Dunham
Sp.	Blanchard	598	1847	Seabury & Dunham
Bk.	Blodgett	250	1845	Seabury & Dunham
Sc.	Boston	75	1841	David Pratt
Bg.	Ca Ira	100		Joseph Drinkwater
Bg.	Carrie Bertha	487	1869	Giles Loring
Sc.	Casco Lodge	121	1867	Albert Seabury
Bk.	Campsie	535	1856	
Sc.	Caspian	103	1829	David Pratt
Sc.	Catherine	133	1833	David Pratt
Sp.	Ceres	547	1857	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sp.	C. F. Sargent	1704	1874	Albert Seabury
Bk.	Charles Forbes	530	1870	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Charles G. Rice	715	1879	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Charles Loring	552	1879	Giles Loring
Bg.	Charles Poole	402	1866	Giles Loring
Bg.	C. H. Kennedy	176		Giles Loring
Sc.	Charles J. Willard	416	1874	Lyman Walker
Sc.	Christiana	160	1860	Joseph Seabury
Sc.	Citizen	131	1831	Levi Mitchell
Sc.	Clio			David Pratt
Bk.	Cluthabelle	569	1858	
Sl.	Columbia	97	1803	
Sl.	Commodore Foote	32	1866	
Sc.	Commerce	148	1833	John Gooding
Sp.	Commodore	1979	1879	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Conway	135	1830	David Pratt

LIST OF YARMOUTH BUILT VESSELS 141

Rig	NAME	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Bg.	Cornelia	160	1826	David Pratt
Sp.	David Pratt	787		David Pratt
Sc.	Damietta and Joanna	330	1890	Loring & Cobb
Sc.	Daniel M. French	191	1848	
Sp.	Detroit	1248	1854	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sp.	Detroit	1494	1864	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sc.	Dexter	59	1837	
Sc.	Don Nicholas			
Sp.	Dorcas Prince	675	1850	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Edward H. Williams	348	1873	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Edward L. Mayberry	656	1878	Giles Loring
Sc.	Effort	85	1845	David Pratt
Bk.	Effort	721	1866	Giles Loring
Sl.	Elizabeth	40	1828	John Gooding
Bg.	Elizabeth Winslow	391	1873	Hutchins & Stubbs
Sc.	E. G. Buxton	96	1851	
Sc.	E. G. Stebbins	90	1859	
Sp.	Eldorado	1053	1864	Lyman Walker
Bg.	Eliza Morton	438	1874	Giles Loring
Sc.	Ellen	175	1829	David Pratt
Bk.	Ellen	200	1847	Seabury & Dunham
Sc.	Emblem	97	1845	Joseph Seabury
Sc.	Emerald	127	1830	Levi Mitchell
Sc.	Emigrant	116	1821	
Bg.	Emma	437	1866	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bg.	Ernestine	450	1869	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Esther	484	1864	Giles Loring
Bk.	Estelle	566	1868	Giles Loring
Sc.	Ethel M. Davis		1884	Giles Loring
Bg.	Etta M. Tucker	327		Giles Loring
Bk.	Eureka	554	1861	Lyman Walker
Sc.	Eva May	325	1867	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Everett Gray	565	1871	Hutchins & Stubbs
	E. W. Hill		1880	John Walker
Sc.	Exchange	109	1838	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Exertion	165	1826	Levi Mitchell
Sl.	Express	35	1847	Seabury & Dunham
Bg.	Fannie B. Tucker	409	1874	Giles Loring
Bkne.	Fannie H. Loring	460	1872	Hutchins & Allen
Sc.	Freighter	46	1867	
Bk.	George A. Wright	921	1877	Hutchins & Stubbs

Rig	NAME	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Sc.	George and Emily	130	1848	J. & J. A. Seabury
Yacht	Georgia		1875	
Bg.	Giles Loring	405	1865	Giles Loring
Sc.	Glide	74	1829	John Gooding
Bk.	Grace	960	1854	
Sc.	Grace Davis	400	1873	Hutchins & Stubbs
Sp.	Grace Sargent	950	1858	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sl.	Gull	21	1873	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Halcyon	150	1834	David Pratt
Bk.	Harriet	179	1849	Lyman Walker
Bg.	Harriet	173	1848	Dunham & Allen
Sc.	Harriet	176	1832	Ralph Kelley
Bg.	Harry	133	1831	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Hattie M. Bain	391	1873	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bgne.	Hattie S. Jackson	470	1874	Hutchins & Stubbs
Sp.	Helen Augusta	450	1843	Seabury & Dunham
Bg.	Helen Maria	168	1832	Albion Seabury
Sp.	Helios	699	1854	Baker & Webster
Bk.	Henry Kelsey	200	1842	Seabury & Dunham
Bg.	Henry P. Dewey	483	1874	Giles Loring
Bk.	Hiero	426	1849	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	H. T. Venard	560	1857	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Homer	221	1838	David Pratt
Sc.	Hope	121	1840	Albion Seabury
Sp.	Hudson	343	1842	Albion Seabury
Sl.	Ida May	9		
Bg.	Ilseley	135	1826	David Pratt
Sc.	Industry	27	1835	
Sl.	Island Belle	69	1859	Lyman Walker
Bk.	Itonus	851	1876	Hutchins & Stubbs
Sp.	Jacatro	798	1856	
Bk.	Jacob Prentiss	392	1851	Hutchins & Allen
Sc.	James Garcelon	82	1858	——— Lufkin
Sc.	James Rothwell	500	1884	Hutchins & Stubbs
Sc.	Jane	97	1827	David Pratt
Sp.	Jane E. Walsh	554	1851	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	Jane Q. Storer	599	1862	Lyman Walker
Sp.	J. Baker	787	1857	Hutchins & Allen
Bg.	Jennie Phinney	438	1874	Giles Loring
Sc.	John Brooks			
Bk.	J. W. Blodgett	250	1845	Seabury & Dunham

LIST OF YARMOUTH BUILT VESSELS 143

Rig	NAME	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Sc.	Kate Audrey	80	1842	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Levant	167	1841	David Pratt
Sl.	Lion	31		
Bkne.	Louisa Adelaide	638	1882	Giles Loring
Sc.	Louisa A. Orr	480	1865	Giles Loring
Sc.	Louisa A. Orr	89	1872	
Sc.	Lucy	115	1835	David Pratt
Sc.	Lucy A. Davis	620	1882	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bg.	Lucy Ellen	170	1844	David Pratt
Bg.	Lucy Ellen	419	1861	Giles Loring
Sc.	Lucretia	97	1801	
Sc.	Margaret			Joseph Seabury
Bg.	Mary C. Fox	327	1856	Hutchins & Allen
Sc.	Maryland	115	1859	
Sc.	Mattie J. Alles	229	1883	Hutchins & Stubbs
Sl.	M. D. Sawyer	33	1870	Lyman Walker
Sc.	Meldon	270	1869	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Meldon	353	1849	Lyman Walker
Sc.	Messenger	122	1861	Lyman Walker
Sc.	Merom	75	1836	John Gooding
Sc.	Midas	115	1827	David Pratt
Sl.	Milo	46	1826	David Pratt
Sp.	Milwaukee	736	1852	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sc.	Mirror	80	1854	Giles Loring
Sc.	Native	63	1832	David Pratt
Sp.	Nellie Harding	1553	1867	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Neptune	180	1825	Samuel Fisher
Sc.	New Era	62	1853	
Bg.	Norman	200	1839	David Pratt
Sc.	Ocean	80	1854	Giles Loring
Bk.	Onaway	932	1883	Loring, Cobb & Chadsey
	Oregon			Samuel Baker
Sc.	Oxford			David Pratt
Sp.	Pacific	1812	1869	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sl.	Packet	49	1828	David Pratt
Sl.	Packett	60	1795	Payne Elwell
Bg.	Pallas	160	1835	David Pratt
Sc.	Pelon	157	1835	John Gooding
Sp.	Peru	1457	1867	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sc.	Petrel	130	1847	Seabury & Dunham

Rig	NAME	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Sp.	P. G. Blanchard	1317	1862	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	Phœbe Bucknam	431	1857	Giles Loring
Sc.	Phoenix	121	1840	
Bk.	Pilgrim	326	1843	David Pratt
Sp.	P. N. Blanchard	1582	1876	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	Polka	165	1845	Seabury & Dunham
Bk.	Priscilla	766	1856	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sp.	Pumgustuk		1851	Baker & Webster
Sc.	Rachel Ann	75	1828	John Gooding
Sc.	Ranger	96	1866	
Sp.	Reaper	686	1855	Hutchins & Allen
Bg.	Rebecca		1800	Payne Elwell
Sp.	Rialto	500	1851	Lyman Walker
Bg.	Richmond	154	1837	Jonas Mitchell
Sl.	Rival	26	1883	
Sl.	Riverside	76	1870	Lyman Walker
Sc.	Roxanna Burleigh			
Sc.	Royal K.		1877	
Bg.	Russia	200	1839	Albion Seabury
Sc.	Ruth H. Baker	371	1863	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sp.	Sam Locke	806	1856	Lyman Walker
Bk.	Sarah E. Frazier	560	1870	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bk.	Sarah M. Loring	483	1875	Giles Loring
Sp.	Saratoga	335	1827	David Pratt
Sc.	S. B. Stebbins	90	1859	Hutchins & Allen
Sp.	S. C. Blanchard	1904	1871	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Screamer	529	1877	
Sl.	Seaman's Bride	13		
	Seven Brothers	139	1859	
Bk.	Skimmer of the Sea	225	1825	
Bg.	Sophia	176	1838	Albion Seabury
Bk.	S. R. Bearce	607	1873	Giles Loring
Bk.	S. R. Lyman	599	1873	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bg.	Star	161	1837	Albion Seabury
Sp.	Star	1214	1861	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sl.	Stephen Orr	80	1857	Lyman Walker
Bk.	Sunny Eye	253	1848	Dunham & Allen
Bg.	Superior	140	1834	Jonas Mitchell
Bk.	Sunrise	500	1852	Hutchins & Allen
Sp.	Sylvanus Blanchard	1172	1853	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	Tangier	399	1850	H. Means

LIST OF YARMOUTH BUILT VESSELS 145

Rig	NAME	Tons	Built	BUILDER
Bk.	Tewksbury L. Sweat	550	1874	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bg.	Titcomb	418	1863	Giles Loring
Sc.	Tremont	101	1854	John Gooding
Bg.	Trojan	191	1836	David Pratt
Bg.	Tubal Cain	429	1864	Giles Loring
Sp.	Tuscany			
Bk.	T. Venard	560	1857	J. & J. A. Seabury
Sc.	Union	147	1833	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Union	200	1841	Albion Seabury
Bg.	Vancouver	180	1844	Seabury & Dunham
Sc.	Vesper	106	1829	David Pratt
Bk.	Volunteer	288	1851	
Sc.	Washington	137	1833	Jonas Mitchell
Sc.	Watchman			
Sc.	Westcustogo	105	1845	Seabury & Dunham
Sc.	Willie H. Higgins	593	1882	Giles Loring
Sc.	Willie Martin	152	1867	J. & J. A. Seabury
Bk.	Willard	552	1854	
Bg.	Winfield	448	1864	Giles Loring
Bkne.	Wolverton		1881	Hutchins & Stubbs
Bg.	Xenophon	170	1848	Joseph Seabury



